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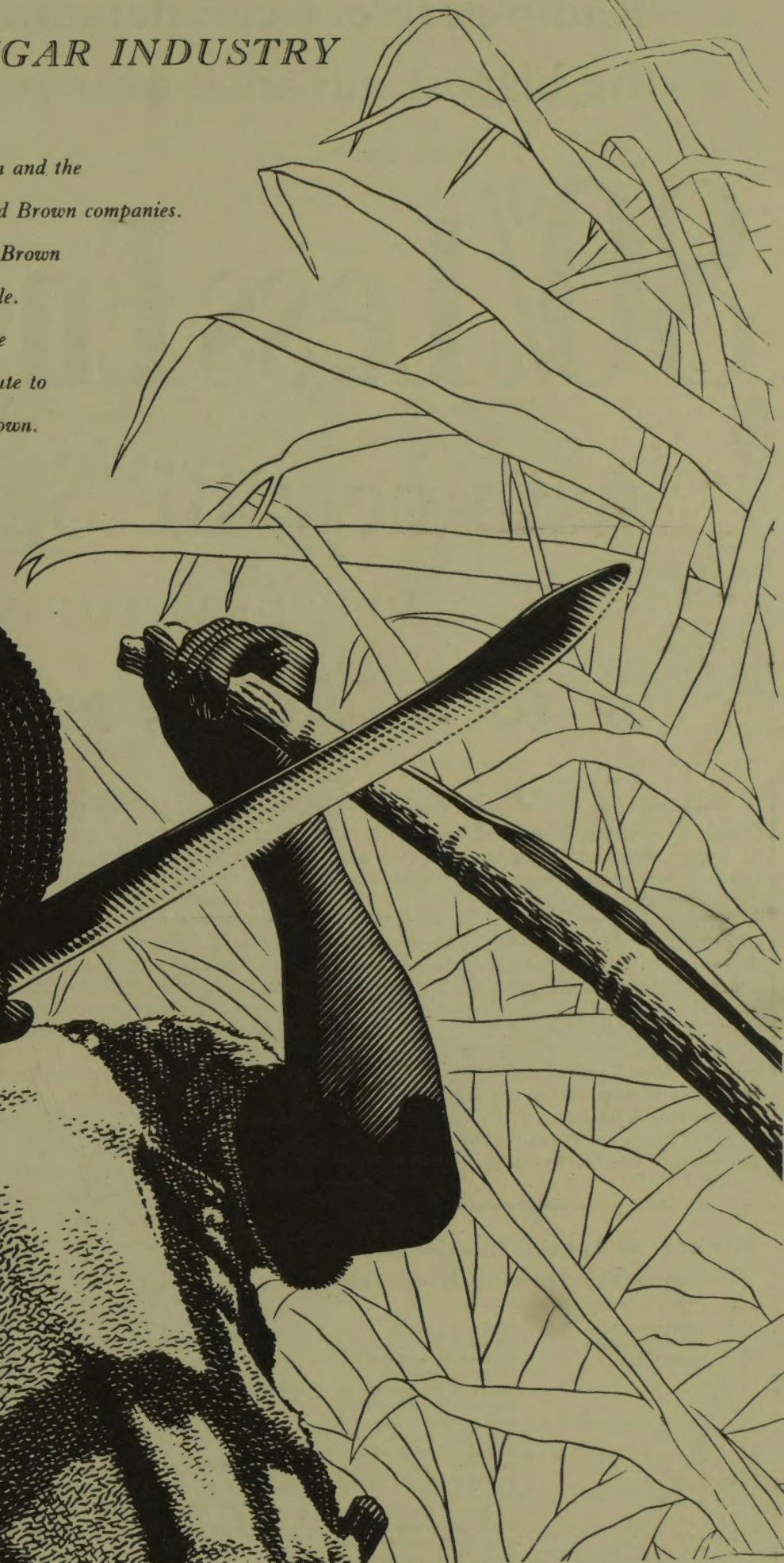
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80% Less Engine Wear

with new BP Special Energol

'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL

UP TO 12% LOWER PETROL CONSUMPTION

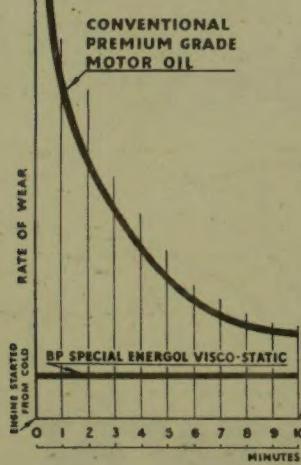
Doubles the life of your engine

This is wonderful news. You can save 80% of engine wear, cut petrol consumption and enjoy easier starting and greater reliability than ever before thought possible.

BP Special Energol is a new kind of motor oil introduced by Anglo-Iranian Oil Company for use in all four-stroke petrol engines in good condition. It has been exhaustively tested in the laboratory and on the road. Here are only two of the amazing proved results :

You reduce wear on cylinder walls and pistons by 80%. Most important of all you prevent the heavy rate of wear during the first mile or two after starting. This means your engine maintains its performance for more than twice as long and the mileage between overhauls is doubled.

See how BP Special Energol saves wear when starting from cold



You save substantially on petrol consumption — 5-10% on normal running and up to 12% on start and stop running such as a doctor does.

Although BP Special Energol costs 50% more than conventional premium oils, it repays its extra cost on petrol saving alone.

'Visco-static'?

BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' is quite unlike any conventional motor oil. It is as thin when cold as the lightest grade of lubricating oil at present sold. Yet it is as thick when hot as the grades normally recommended for summer use. This special property in an oil is what lubrication scientists have been striving after for many years. It means ideal lubrication at all temperatures *using only this one grade of oil* for all engines where S.A.E. grades 10W to 40 are normally recommended. It is the reason why BP Special Energol not only reduces wear and petrol consumption but improves motoring performance and reliability in almost every way.

Easier starting than you have ever known

BP Special Energol flows freely even in extreme cold so that the engine will turn over more freely. Starting even in mid-winter is no more difficult than in high summer.

Less choke needed

You start with less choke and can cut out the choke earlier. This not only reduces petrol consumption but prevents oil being washed from the cylinder walls by liquid petrol — one of the reasons why wear is normally so heavy during the first mile or two of running.

No oil starvation and less wear

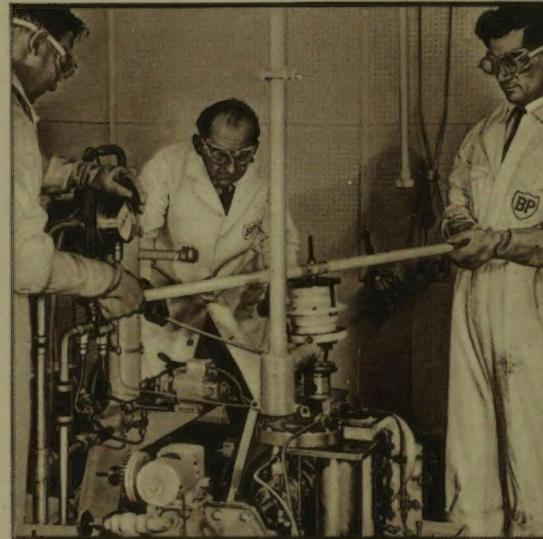
Full lubrication begins from the first turn of the engine. Abrasive products on the cylinder walls are washed away immediately. This saves an enormous amount of wear on both your piston rings and cylinder walls. BP Special Energol includes additives which give outstanding film strength, acid resisting properties and detergency.

Less oil consumption

By reducing wear, BP Special Energol also reduces oil consumption. It maintains ample viscosity for good lubrication even at the hottest parts of the engine, near the piston rings.

How to use BP Special Energol

BP Special Energol should not be mixed with conventional oils. The sump should be drained and refilled with the new oil and this should be



Radio-activity provides the proof

This picture shows a radio-active piston ring being fitted into the special wear research engine at the Sunbury Research Station of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. When the engine is running, radio-active particles in the oil stream show the rate of engine wear while it is happening. By condensing years of wear tests into weeks, this equipment has speeded the arrival of BP Special Energol and has provided exhaustive proof of its value.

repeated after the first 500 miles. Future oil changes should be after the normal mileage recommended by the makers of your car.

When not to use BP Special Energol

If your engine is worn and will shortly need overhauling, do not use BP Special Energol. The normal grades of BP Energol are still on sale and will help your engine to give the best possible service until it has been overhauled. Your garage manager will be glad to give advice if you are in any doubt.

BP Special Energol is obtainable at all garages where you see the BP Shield. It is coloured red for easy identification and sold in sealed packages.



SPECIAL ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL IS A PRODUCT OF ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY

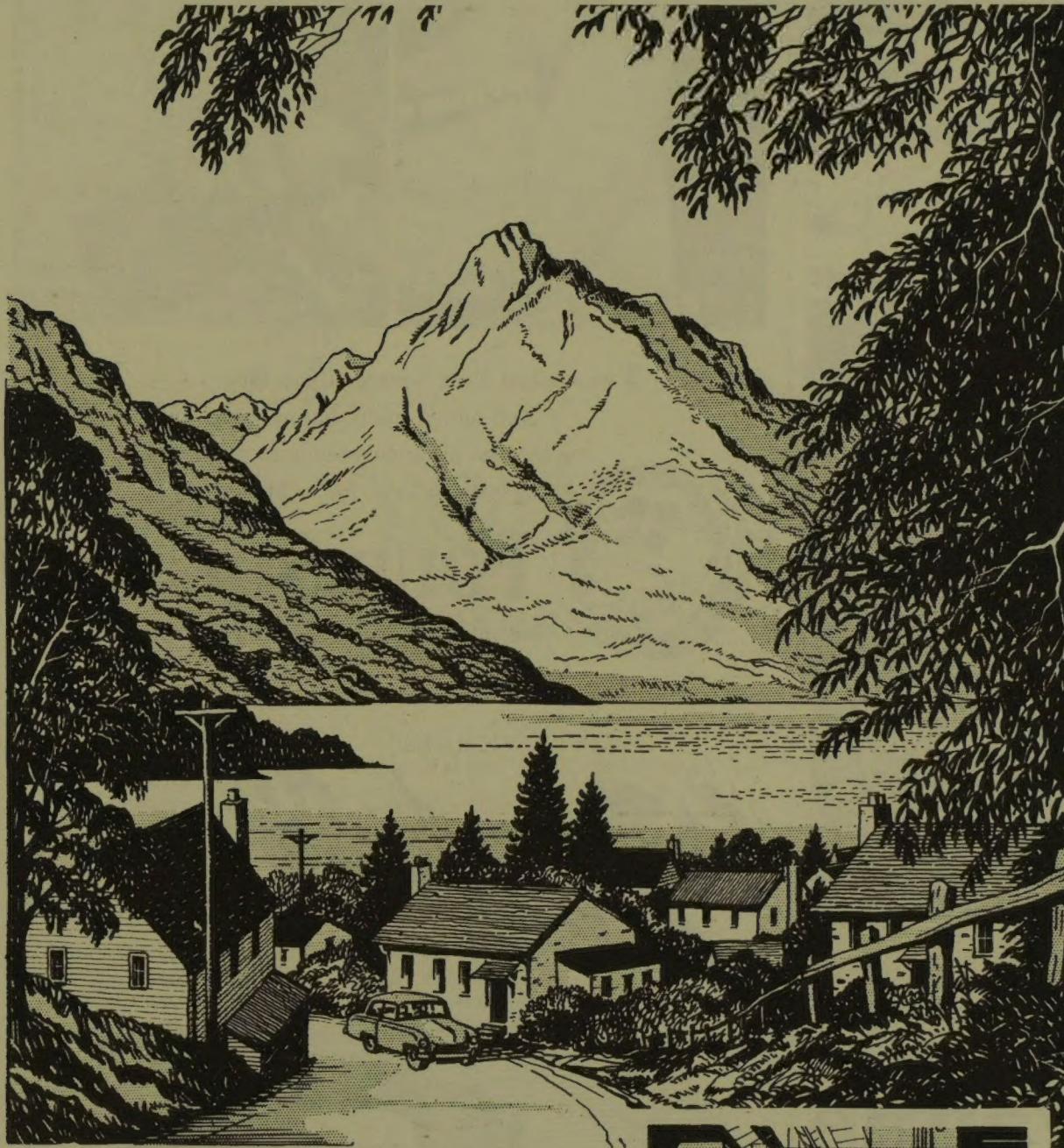
'Visco-static' is a trade-mark of Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., Limited.

FROM OXFORD

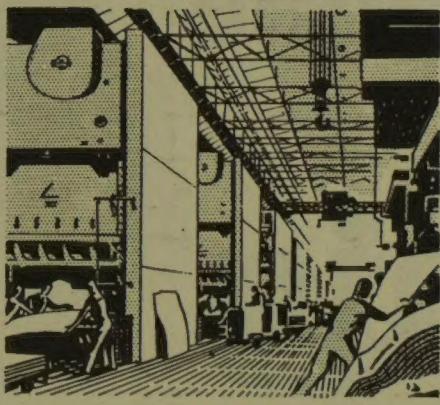
to the highways of the world

Fourteenth century stonework — and twentieth century steel.

The mellowness of age — and the power of modern industry. Oxford knows both and is great because of each. From this beautiful city, British cars travel to the four corners of the world.



From New Zealand's Southern Alps to the snow-capped mountains of Norway, in tropic rains or desert heat, in the five continents and across the seven seas Pressed Steel bodywork maintains and enhances the British tradition of craftsmanship in engineering.



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World's tallest trees North of San Francisco, U.S. Highway 101 runs mile after mile through groves of giant Redwoods soaring 300 feet into the sky. Of all British cars exported to the New World the majority has bodywork by Pressed Steel Company Limited.

Cars are one of Britain's greatest, and most valuable exports — earning vital hard currency, maintaining employment, building prosperity. Pressed Steel Company Limited is proud to be associated not only with many of the most famous names in the British motor-car industry, including Austin, Daimler, Hillman, Humber, Jaguar, Morris, Morris Commercial, M.G., Riley, Rover, Singer and Wolseley, but with other manufacturers yet to achieve world renown.

Haig
in every
Home



Haig
for every
Service



Haig
for every
Occasion

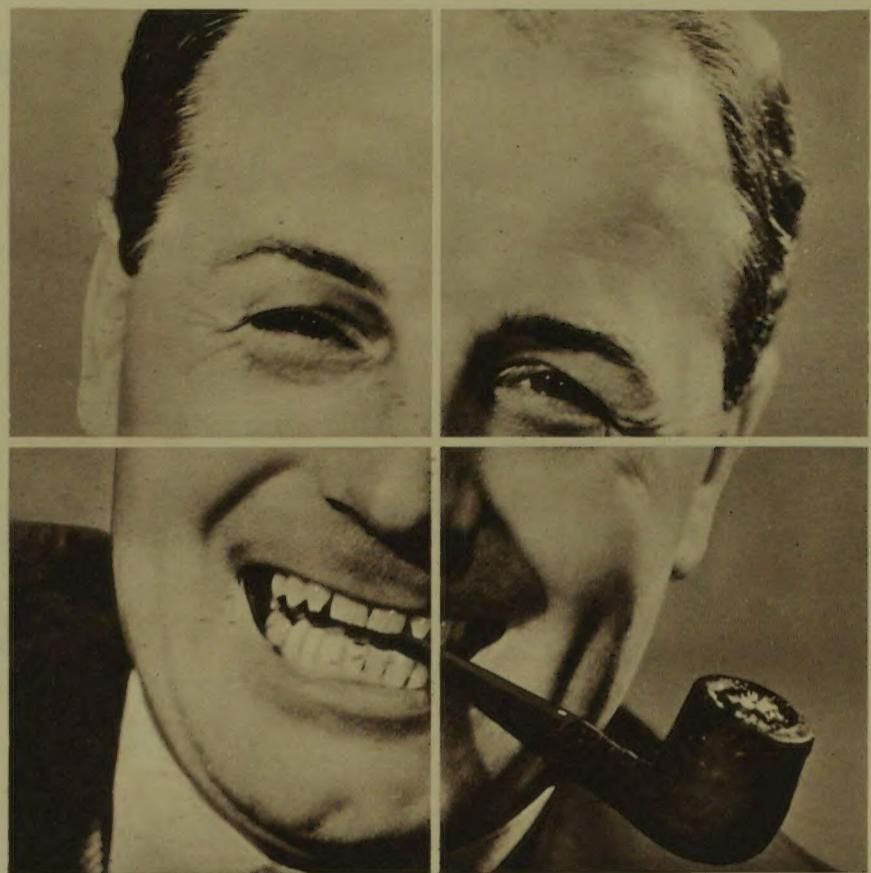


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Don't be Vague
ask for

Haig

THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY
DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD



I've smoked Four Square all my life,

And many, many happy hours have taught
me that no other tobacco is so satisfying,
or lasts so long, for so little cost.



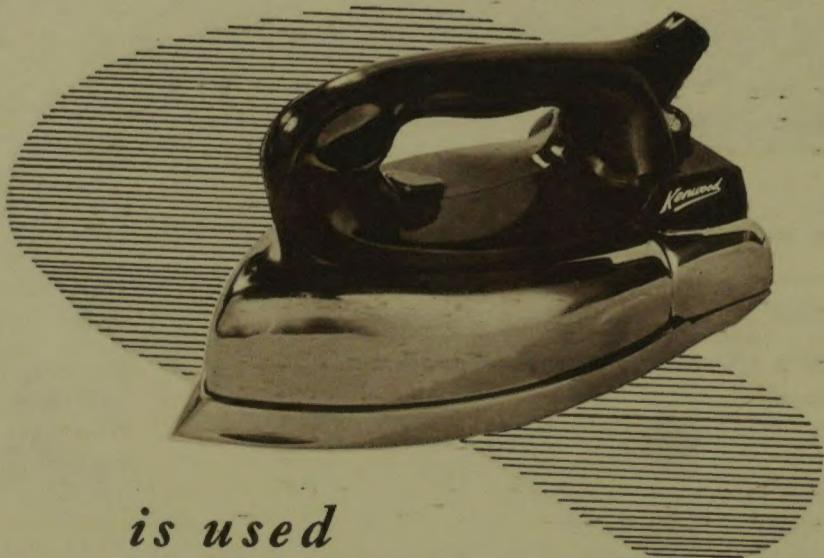
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The most economical of all good tobaccos

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KENWOOD
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YOUR PASSPORT for a delicious tour of France—in Britain!

Without even leaving the table, you can have much of the joy of a tour through France, land of sunshine and good living! Get your wine merchant's advice. *He'll* tell you that wine really means France, and France means a whole series of glorious wines—a choice for every taste and every mood. Every pocket, too: prices range from about 6/6 a bottle. Here's a brief reminder:

ALSACE

On the French side of the Rhine, Alsace produces many white wines of distinction. The dry Riesling, the robust Traminer, the elegant pale-green Sylvaner, the full, medium Muscat—all are crisp, clean and fragrant.

BORDEAUX

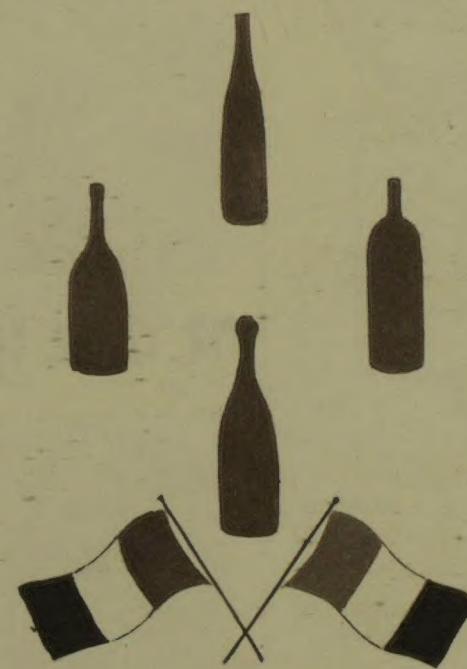
The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb château wines, Bordeaux offer fine value at every price.

BURGUNDY

Rich and full-bodied, the red Burgundies—Beaune, Nuits, Mâcon, Beaujolais, and many others—are perfect with roasts and grills. White Burgundies include fresh, dry Chablis and Pouilly Fuissé, golden Montrachet and Meursault.

CHAMPAGNE

The wine districts of Epernay, Rheims and Ay are consecrated to the production of a French miracle—



Champagne, sparkling wine of sparkling gaiety! Champagne is the perfect drink for any festive occasion, and can be enjoyed from hors-d'œuvre to dessert.

LANGUEDOC/PROVENCE, ROUSSILLON AND ALGERIA

The sun-baked south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and rosé—famous locally but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

RHONE

Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Châteauneuf du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel rosé.

TOURAINE/ANJOU

From the valleys of the Loire and the Cher come the fresh and ever-refreshing Rosé d'Anjou; delicate Vouvray, both still and sparkling; fruity Saumur; and Muscadet, with its distinctive fragrance.

Welcome to the glorious WINES OF FRANCE



It's a question of balance . . .

The personality of a Scotch is largely determined by the balance between the different malt whiskies which go into its making. Every distillery produces its own special type of malt whisky. In Ballantine's, forty-two of these whiskies lend their unique character to be blended according to a formula that is well over 100 years old.

Neither the formula nor the personality of Ballantine's changes. But to-day, the scientists stand at the elbow of the distiller and blender, not to replace their age-old skills, but rather to aid and preserve them.

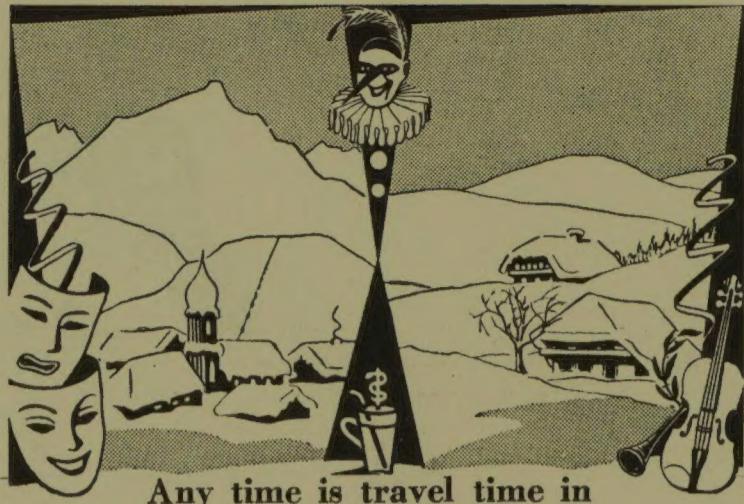
This care is amply repaid. All over the world men recognise the personality of their favourite Scotch—Ballantine's—the superb Scotch.



Ballantine's

THE SUPERB SCOTCH

George Ballantine & Son Ltd., Dumbarton, Scotland. Distillers at Forres, Elgin, Brechin, Dumbarton



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the world famous wintersports resort

Centre of wintersports and social events from December to the end of March. — Olympic Ice Stadium — Ski-Stadium — Bobsleigh run — 4 Mountain railways — 7 Ski lifts. Well kept walks for promenades — Sunny altitude — Ski and skating school. Accommodation to suit all tastes and pockets. Full board with no extras from 17/- to 43/- per day.

X. International Winter Sports Week from January 15 to 23, 1955.

PARKHOTEL ALPENHOF most up-to-date hotel — best central location adjoining the Kurpark. Full pension from 34/- to 48/-. Owner: H. Kilian.

HOTEL SCHÜNBlick in the middle of a large park. Every comfort, rest and recreation. Full pension from 27/-. Owner: Fritz Stanner.

HOTEL MARKTPLATZ comfortable. Well known rest. Rooms from 12/-.

Freiburg and Schauinsland

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Cable railway, excellent ski-runs, well kept walks, famous restaurants to suit all tastes and means.

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It's sometimes very hot work being a brake drum—300° centigrade or thereabouts! Which makes life very difficult for a brake lining which must be pressed against such destructive heat. That is why some linings will 'fade' or lose their grip, and in an emergency brake fade can be pretty dangerous.

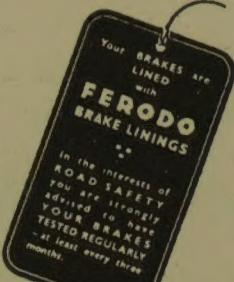
or are you taking chances?



Ferodo Limited, the organisation which always puts research and testing first, make Anti-Fade Brake Linings that will give you safer, smoother, more reliable braking no matter how tough the conditions. Don't take chances any longer, especially in today's traffic; be sure to ask for Ferodo—the Anti-Fade Brake Linings.

THE PROOF...

that your garage have re-lined your brakes with genuine Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings, is this orange and black label. It is only issued with Ferodo Linings, and should be tied to the steering wheel of your car; if it's not, please ask your garage why.



FERODO LIMITED · CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH · A Member of the Turner & Newall Organisation

*Getting down to the rust,
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The man about the house shares with industry a constant concern in limiting damage from rust and corrosion. Phosphoric acid, made by Albright & Wilson, is the basis for many rust-removal techniques—from the large scale factory processes, capable of cleaning tanks or railway trucks, to the bottles of branded rust-removers which are an effective answer to the problem of removing rust in and around our homes.



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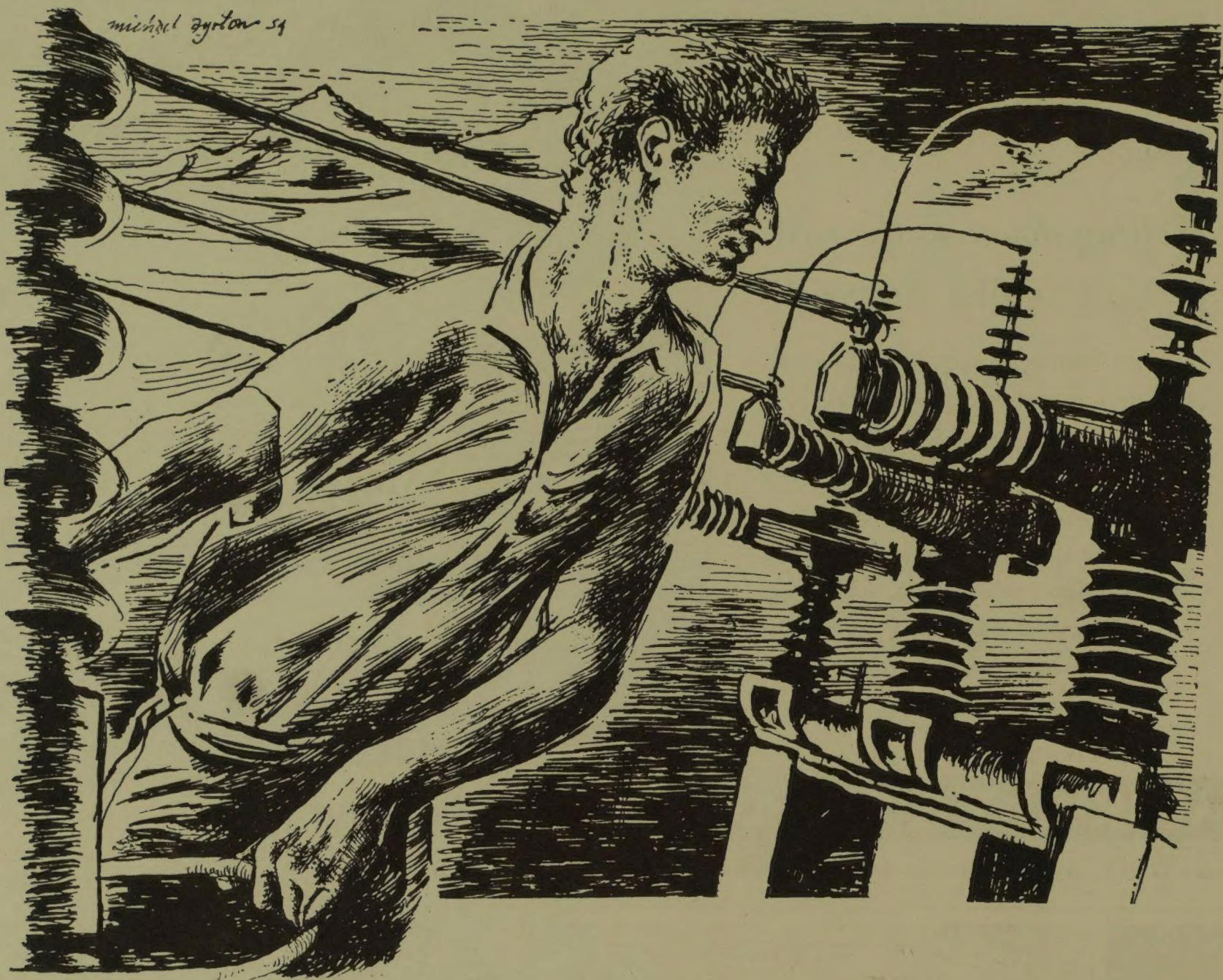
cars are fitted with India tyres and though you may not own a

Bentley, isn't it sensible to choose for your own comfort and safety the make of tyre chosen for the world's most sought-after car—especially when it need not involve you in any greater expense and will certainly give you longer mileage.

INDIA

"THE FINEST TYRES MADE"





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HASAN IS PROUD that his job serves his country. More electricity means greater prosperity and a higher standard of living for Turkey. Hasan reckons that electricity is "*insaniyetin hayrinadir* — for the benefit of Man".

Hasan works at the Catalagzi Power Station, completed by Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd. in 1948. Recently, the President of the Turkish Republic laid the foundation stone of new extensions that will double the size of the station.

Again Metropolitan-Vickers, one of the nine famous British companies that together make up A.E.I., are undertaking the work. The new contract calls for turbo-generating plant, boilers, switchgear, and all civil works, totalling some £3½ million.

A.E.I. are Associated Electrical Industries, whose Companies make everything electrical from a turbine to a torch bulb.

AEI

for progress through electricity

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1954.



THE NEWLY APPOINTED FIRST SEA LORD IN A GALLEY PULLED BY ADMIRALS: ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN (R.) LEAVES MALTA AT THE END OF HIS COMMAND OF ALLIED FORCES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Admiral the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, K.G., the First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff designate, left Malta on December 10 at the end of his command of Allied Forces in the Mediterranean. He had a tumultuous send-off and was pulled out to *Surprise* by Allied Flag Officers of his N.A.T.O. command. They were (l. to r.): Rear-Admiral Louis Mornu (French Navy); Rear-Admiral M. Calamai (Italian Navy); Rear-Admiral George Zepos (Royal Hellenic Navy); Rear-Admiral S. Karapinar (Turkish Navy); Vice-Admiral Peter Cazalet (Royal Navy; Chief of the Allied Staff at Malta); and Vice-Admiral James Fife

(U.S. Navy; Deputy C.-in-C., Malta). In a signal at sea to the Mediterranean Allied Forces H.Q., Admiral Lord Mountbatten said: "I shall never forget the unique honour of being pulled off in a galley by the most distinguished international crew who ever manned a boat. Their pulling was an example to all the young seamen who were watching, and the way they all pulled together was symbolic of all that is best in N.A.T.O." Admiral Mountbatten arranged to proceed by sea in H.M.S. *Surprise* to Catania and thence by air to Paris for his farewell visit to S.H.A.P.E.; and was due to reach London on December 14.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHAT a deal of unnecessary suffering human beings—who are born to so much of it, in any case—contrive, for no very good reason, to inflict on one another. This reflection, which might have been occasioned by so many things that appear in the daily newspapers, arose out of a paragraph reporting how a white girl in Johannesburg, who had been brought up among the Zulus, had been sentenced to four months' gaol, together with her Zulu husband, a police-sergeant, for breaking the South African colour-bar law against mixed marriages. It is worth noting that the couple had been married for some time, had had one baby and were expecting another. The feeling of sickening revulsion at the application of such a law in such a case was only slightly alleviated for the reader by the fact that the sentenced couple were granted bail, for subsequently the hapless wife and mother was apparently forbidden to take her baby to any white hostel and was denied shelter by her African friends for fear that, if they took her in, they would be prosecuted for associating with a white girl. In the end, a Roman Catholic institution agreed to house both white mother and coloured child for the night. All the people concerned in this dreadful episode, it should be recalled, were sentient and probably kindly human beings: the sentenced victims, the anxious and fear-ridden neighbours, even the politicians and electors who were responsible for the heartless doctrinaire legislation that imposed such needless cruelty on a fellow-man and woman in the name of an abstraction. If this is how decent human beings behave to one another when they are invested with a little brief authority, can we be really surprised, or even particularly resentful, at our apparent impending destruction by the all-disintegrating bombs we have invented? For what, after all, is an atomic bomb but a highly efficient instrument—by far the most efficient of all—for applying racial and other forms of inter-human discrimination in their most effective and logical form? If we can be as beastly to one another as this, and with as little cause, what right have we to complain if we and our whole species are marked down for the self-destruction that we are so indefatigable in planning for one another?

It seems needless, however, to labour the extreme cruelty of a law so inhuman and unjust as one that condemns to a criminal punishment a man and a woman for being married to one another in circumstances in which it is impossible even for the most rabid racial maniac to argue that either party was to blame. The girl, if the case was rightly reported, had been brought up exclusively as a Zulu, had lived solely among Zulus and spoke only the Zulu tongue. She chose as husband one whom she regarded as of her own kith and kin; how, if she was to marry at all—the innate right of every woman—could she have done anything else? What seems so strange is that the men who have made such a law themselves hold strong religious convictions and, what is even more strange, call themselves Christians. That a professed Christian in his personal actions should fall infinitely below the moral standards of his Creed can never be surprising; what, indeed, would be far more surprising, in the light of that noble, austere standard—and the pitiful frailty of human nature, would be for it to be otherwise. But it seems utterly bewildering that a husband and wife, lawfully joined in the eyes of God, should be forcibly separated and condemned as criminals for the fact of being married, by the legislative decree of an assembly of devout and God-fearing Christians. If the legislators of South Africa were pagan Nazis or Communists, it would be easy to understand their harsh and ruthless logic. When one is told that they constantly consult their Bibles and frequently pray for Divine guidance, one can only despair of the human intelligence. The definition of a Christian is not one who lives up to Christ's creed—no one but Christ Himself ever did that—but one who tries, however stumblingly and imperfectly, to follow Christ's teaching and example. How can anyone imagine that the Founder of the Christian religion could approve such intolerance, cruelty and injustice towards two helpless fellow-creatures?

I am not one of those sentimentalists—not uncommon in this fortunate, sheltered and, therefore, gentle island—who imagine that there are no differences of civilisation and instinctive conduct dividing Europeans from African tribesmen, or that frequent intermarriage between them is unlikely to be attended by dangerous and disintegrating consequences. I can understand and sympathise with the indignation of the Afrikaans farmer at the foolish and ill-informed nonsense sometimes talked by what are called "idealists" in this country. I can understand, too, the dislike and distrust of men who have long lived cheek by jowl with this stubborn problem for the half-baked "progressive" experiments of theorists, who imagine that it is possible to transplant in a generation to native Africa institutions and practices which have only grown up in this country as a result of centuries of evolution and experiment. But though, like everyone else, the Afrikaners are morally entitled to adapt their laws to the material realities about them, and to provide in them for existing differences of habit, temperament and intelligence between the races that make up the South African nation, they cannot, so long as they call themselves Christians, treat a whole section of their community, and that the largest part, as a fundamentally and inherently inferior and servile race. For by doing so they give the direct lie to the teaching of the Founder of their religion.

The core of Christianity is that belief that every human being possesses a soul which is the concern not only of man but of God. For all man's patent imperfections and mortality, that soul, Christ taught, is of infinite and eternal value. That being so—and it was this claim that made Christ's teaching so revolutionary in His own time and led indirectly to His crucifixion—it is not open to a professing Christian to argue that the soul of a man of one kind of descent is less valuable than the soul of another. In the eyes of God all souls are equally sacred. In worldly and temporal matters one man in a Christian society may be richer or more powerful than another, but in spiritual matters, there can be no distinction between one man and another. To maintain, as Hitler did, and the Afrikaans politicians of the Transvaal now argue, that men of a different race to themselves are members of an inherently inferior and servile species is a denial of Christ's teaching. It strikes at the roots of the civilisation that grew up in Europe in the first fifteen hundred years after Christ's death and that still underlies the institutions and political beliefs of the free Western nations. That is why, both in this country and in America, totalitarianism and racial persecution are still, despite certain recent inroads in both countries on our Christian traditions, regarded with instinctive abhorrence. I am sure we are right to regard them with such abhorrence, even though we must often seem ill-informed and hypocritical in our expressions of that abhorrence. For both these abstract conceptions are a denial of the sanctity of the human soul. A black man's soul is as worth saving as a white man's; what right or warrant have we for arguing otherwise? For the logic of Abraham Lincoln remains eternally true.

"If A can prove, however conclusively, that he may, of right, enslave B, why may not B snatch the same argument, even prove equally, that he may enslave A?"

You say A is white and B black. It is *colour*, then; the lighter having the right to enslave the darker? Take care. By this rule, you are to be slave to the first man you meet with a fairer skin than your own.

You do not mean *colour* exactly? You mean the whites are *intellectually* the superior of the blacks, and, therefore, have the right to enslave them? Take care again. By this rule, you are to be slave to the first man you meet with an intellect superior to your own.

But, say you, it is a question of *interest*; and, if you can make it your *interest*, you have the right to enslave another. Very well—and if he can make it his *interest* he has the right to enslave you."

For the issue between ourselves and the present political rulers of South Africa on the race issue is almost identically the same as that between the American Northerners and the slave-owning Southerners in the middle of the last century. The latter are denying to a section of their fellow-men a human right and dignity which their religion tells them is fundamental to all men.

The racial legislators of South Africa, for motives which they seek to justify to themselves, are shutting their eyes to the highest code of enlightenment the human race has yet received: that of the Gospels. It seems to me a tragic thing that, good and excellent men as they are in so many other respects, they appear unaware of their own blindness. It is argued in their excuse that they are afraid. Like the English Protestants in Ireland in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, they are a small minority in the midst of an alien and potentially dangerous population, and must therefore, it is contended, use their political power to render it harmless.

If the native population the Afrikaners are seeking to keep permanently subordinate lived only within the borders of the Union, there might be some worldly logic in their argument, though it could never be anything but directly contrary to the teaching of Christ. But in view of the vast and potentially immensely strong native population outside the frontiers of the Union, and the anger that the persecution of its fellow-racials inside the Union is arousing, the Afrikaans policy seems to be fraught with most certain and appalling dangers. If persisted in, it will almost inevitably, the lessons of history suggest, end in massacre, and the extinction of a fine and, in other respects, noble civilisation in one of the most richly-endowed and beautiful countries on earth. And it will result in a betrayal of the cause of Western man at a strategic point where the consequences may well be disastrous for us all. If persisted in, it will not only condemn South Africa itself to a cruel and intolerant racial war which can only have one ending—for where force is the only factor, God, or the Devil who then takes His place, is always on the side of the greater battalions—but will probably open the gates of Africa to an uncontrollable militant Communism. That there should be legislation to regulate the relations of two such different families of the human race as live together in South Africa, that such legislation should be based on existing realities and not on unrealistic sentiment, that provision should be made to preserve, in a spirit of mutual tolerance and understanding, for so long as they have validity the separate standards, morals and cultures of both peoples, is right and proper. But for one people to impose by force on the other a rigid, heartless and degrading subjection that results in such inhumanity as that described at the start of this article, is something that should be seen for the folly and evil it is. It should be resisted by every Christian, Afrikaans or otherwise, who believes that the rule of love is the only law that can ultimately endure or that can make a world in which men can approximate, however remotely, to the image of their Maker.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN SUCCESSION TO SIR GERALD KELLY: PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON, DIRECTOR OF THE R.A. ARCHITECTURAL SCHOOL SINCE 1947.

At a General Assembly of Academicians held on December 7, Professor A. E. Richardson, the distinguished architect, was elected President of the Royal Academy in succession to Sir Gerald Kelly. Professor Richardson, who has been an R.A. since 1944, was awarded the Royal Gold Medal for Architecture in 1947, and became Director of the Royal Academy Architectural School after his retirement from the Chair of Architecture in London University in 1946.

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: SOME RECENT ROYAL OCCASIONS, AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



THE LUCK OF A BLACK CAT: A CAT ON A PATIENT'S KNEE AT HIGHWOOD HOUSE, MILL HILL, BEING STROKED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER.

On December 8 the Queen Mother opened Highwood House, Mill Hill, a convalescent home for the aged sick which is to be administered by the Middlesex branch of the British Red Cross Society, for whom it was purchased by the King Edward's Hospital Fund for London.



AT THE GOLDELS GREEN HIPPODROME, WHERE SHE ATTENDED A PERFORMANCE OF "THE GANG SHOW": HER MAJESTY RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM A BOY SCOUT. On December 9 the Queen honoured with her presence a performance of "The Gang Show, 1954," given by the Boy Scouts' Association at the Golders Green Hippodrome, and written and produced by Mr. Ralph Reader, who has been running this annual show for twenty-two years.



LEAVING LUTON PARISH CHURCH AFTER ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE VICAR OF LUTON, CANON W. DAVISON.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent the week-end of December 10-13 at Luton Hoo as the guests of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher. On Sunday the Queen and the Duke attended Divine Service in Luton Parish Church.



AT ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL: THE DUCHESS OF KENT LOOKING AT A CERTIFICATE WHICH SHE HAD PRESENTED TO HER COUSIN, PRINCESS MARGARITA OF BADEN. On December 6 the Duchess of Kent visited St. Thomas' Hospital in London and presented medals and certificates to the nurses. One of the nurses to whom she presented a Nightingale Training School certificate was her cousin, Princess Margarita of Baden, who has been a student nurse since 1951.



IN THE RENOVATED COURTRoom OF THE GUILDFaLL AT GUILDFORD, IN SURREY: FOUR BRONZE STANDARD MEASURES ISSUED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH I.

The renovation of the floor and panelled walls of the sixteenth-century courtroom of the Guildhall at Guildford is nearing completion. Among the historic treasures in the courtroom are these four bronze measures, "the standard measures of England," dated 1602, for a bushel, gallon, quart and pint.



BEING LOWERED FROM H.M.S. GLORY AT PORTSMOUTH: WHITE KNIGHT, ONE OF THE POLO PONIES BELONGING TO ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN.

Admiral Lord Mountbatten left Malta for home on December 10 at the end of his command of Allied Forces in the Mediterranean. In March he is to take up his new appointment as First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, in succession to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick McGrigor.

SHIPS OLD AND NEW, A DISASTER, AND A TOW OF NEARLY A THOUSAND MILES.



(ABOVE.) PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE ESCORT DUTIES AT THE END OF WHICH SHE LOST THREE OF HER CREW: THE SCARBOROUGH LIFE-BOAT TOWING A ROWING-BOAT TO SAFETY.

On December 8, after five hours of escort duty at sea, the Scarborough lifeboat was returning to harbour when she was caught broadside on by a 20-ft. wave near the West Pier. She turned completely over and righted herself, as she was designed to do. Five of the crew fell into the sea, the remainder managing to hang on. Two of the five were hauled back into the boat. The coxswain, Jack Sheader (63), was also hauled back, but was dead on arrival at hospital. The second coxswain, John Cammish (57), was washed ashore, but did not recover consciousness; and the third man, Frank Bayes (30), was washed ashore much later, dead.

(RIGHT.) THE WORLD'S LARGEST WARSHIP, THE U.S.S. *Forrestal*—IN SCALE MODEL—CARRYING ON ITS FLIGHT DECK THE AMERICAN LINERS *United States* (LEFT) AND *America*.

This display of scale models gives some idea of the huge size of the world's largest warship, the American aircraft-carrier *Forrestal*, whose "launching," on Dec. 11, is described elsewhere in this issue. *Forrestal* and the liners *United States* and *America* were all built by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, and the three models of them have been made to the same scale by Mr. T. Tragle (right). *Forrestal* (about 60,000 tons) is 1040 ft. long, *United States* (53,329 tons) is 916 ft. long, and *America* (26,314 tons) 664 ft. long.



(RIGHT.) HER LAST VOYAGE: *Cutty Sark*, THE LAST OF THE CLIPPERS, BEING TOWED FROM THE EAST INDIA DOCK TO THE SPECIAL DRY-DOCK IN WHICH SHE WILL BE PRESERVED AS A MEMORIAL.

On Dec. 10 *Cutty Sark*, stripped of her upper masts, yards, deck-houses and ballast to lighten her, was towed from the East India Import Dock to the special dry-dock at Greenwich, in which she will be restored, rigged and fitted as a memorial and nautical museum (to be opened in 1956). Among those who made the last voyage in her was Captain C. E. Irving, now eighty-three, who joined her as an apprentice in 1885 and sailed round the world in her three times before he was seventeen; and Mr. Frank Carr, the Director of the National Maritime Museum.



NEARING THE END OF ONE OF THE LONGEST TOWS IN SHIPPING HISTORY: THE TANKER *BRITISH BUILDER*, EN ROUTE FOR SUNDERLAND FROM WEST AUSTRALIA—A VOYAGE OF 9700 MILES.

In August, the British Tanker Co.'s tanker *British Builder* (12,270 tons), bound from Kuwait to Botany Bay, was disabled off Cape Leeuwin. She has since been towed from West Australia, partly by another tanker, partly by tugs, and during the voyage took on a full load of oil at Aden. This cargo was unloaded at the Isle of Grain, and she then proceeded to Sunderland for repair.



ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOUR FOR HER FIRST VISIT: THE NEW CUNARD LINER *SAXONIA* (22,000 TONS), WHICH WAS PRIMARILY DESIGNED FOR THE CANADIAN SERVICE.

The 22,000-ton liner *Saxonia*, the latest vessel of the Cunard transatlantic fleet, recently paid her first visit to New York. She was designed for the Canadian service and left Liverpool on her maiden voyage to Montreal on September 2, and cut nearly two days off the time of the older ships she was designed to replace. On September 21, despite bad weather, she created a new record from Canada to Liverpool.



THE LARGEST WARSHIP IN THE WORLD: THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *FORRESTAL* SEEN IN THE GRAVING DOCK AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA, WHERE SHE WAS "LAUNCHED" ON DECEMBER 11.

The largest warship in the world, the United States Navy's aircraft-carrier *Forrestal*, which will displace about 60,000 tons when completed, was "launched" on December 11—when the graving dock in which she was built at Newport News, Virginia, was flooded and the ship was hauled backward a few feet in the dock to symbolise the launching. The gigantic vessel was named after Mr. James Forrestal, the first Secretary of Defence, by his widow, who broke the traditional bottle of champagne against the carrier's bows. At the ceremony Admiral Carney, Chief of Naval Operations, hailed the *Forrestal* as "the mightiest warship of the

oceans—versatile and durable." He said that "She and her sisters to follow [the United States intends building four more carriers of the *Forrestal* class] are our future ships of the line and, as such, will possess an ever-expanding usefulness as a diplomatic instrument in peace and a powerful weapon in war." The *Forrestal* is 1040 ft. long and her beam at the widest point is 252 ft. She will hold 100 aircraft, have a complement of 3500, and be equipped with four steam catapults of the type developed by the Royal Navy, an angled deck and four lifts. The *Forrestal* will not be fully complete until next summer.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



MR. ICHIRO HATOYAMA (RIGHT), THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN, WITH HIS FOREIGN MINISTER. Following the resignation of Mr. Yoshida's Government on December 7, Mr. Hatoyama, President of the Japan Democratic Party, was elected Prime Minister by 257 votes to 191 in the Lower House of the Diet on December 9. His new Cabinet includes, as Foreign Minister, Mr. Shigemitsu, who has held the portfolio three times previously. Mr. Hatoyama is seventy-one years old.



DIED ON DECEMBER 8:
SIR ALFRED HOWITT.

Sir Alfred Howitt had been Conservative M.P. for Reading from 1931 to 1945 and had practised for many years as a physician in London. Educated at Epsom College, Clare College, Cambridge, and St. Thomas' Hospital, he was President of the Institution of Hospital Almoners. He was seventy-five years old.



THE NEW SWISS PRESIDENT:
DR. M. PETITPIERRE.

Dr. Petitpierre, who has been elected President of Switzerland in succession to Dr. Rodolphe Rubatelli, whose term of office expires on December 31, is fifty-five. He is at present Foreign Minister—an office to which he was first elected in 1944. He was Vice-President of the Federal Council for 1949.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



MR. ANTHONY ASKEW, WHO PAID THE RECORD PRICE OF 36,000 GUINEAS FOR FESTOON; WITH MRS. ASKEW. Festoon (Fair-Trial—Monsoon), winner of the One Thousand Guineas for the late Mr. J. A. Dewar, was bought by his nephew, Mr. A. Askew, at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales for 36,000 gns., a record price for a filly out of training. Mr. G. Askew, Mr. A. Askew's brother, bought Refreshed for 30,000 gns. The sales total was 1,287,061 gns. for 920 lots, an average of 1399 gns.



DIED ON DECEMBER 11,
AGED SEVENTY-ONE: SIR
ALKER TRIPP.

Sir Alker Tripp was Assistant Commissioner, Metropolitan Police Force, 1932-47, and was well known as an artist, author and yachtsman. He was a member of the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee, 1932-47, and made a close study of traffic conditions in Europe and the U.S.A. His book "Traffic and Its Control" became a standard textbook on the subject.



MISS Y. SUGDEN, WHO RETAINED THE BRITISH WOMAN'S ICE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP TITLE. In the closely contested Figure Skating Championships at the Streatham Ice Rink on December 10, fifteen-year-old Miss Yvonne Sugden (London) retained her title of British Woman Champion after a splendid free skating performance, with 1440.3 points to 1424.8 of Miss E. Batchelor (Edinburgh).

DIED ON DECEMBER 9,
AGED FIFTY-TWO:
MRS. R. A. BUTLER.

Mrs. Butler, the wife of Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was formerly Miss Sydney Elizabeth Courtauld, the only child of the late Samuel Courtauld, the art collector and philanthropist, and head of the great manufacturing house of Courtauld. She married Mr. Butler in 1926 and there are three sons and a daughter of the marriage.



NOMINATED FOR ELECTION AS BISHOP OF OXFORD:
CANON HARRY JAMES CARPENTER.

Canon Carpenter, who is Warden of Keble College, Oxford, and Canon Theologian of Leicester Cathedral, has been nominated by the Queen for election as Bishop of Oxford, in succession to the late Dr. K. E. Kirk. He was educated at Chichester's College, Petersfield, and Queen's College, Oxford, and became Tutor in Theology at Keble College in 1927.



THE NEW CHIEF CASHIER OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND:
MR. LESLIE KENNETH O'BRIEN.

Mr. O'Brien, who has been appointed Chief Cashier of the Bank of England in succession to Mr. P. S. Beale, entered the service of the Bank in 1927. He is at present Deputy Chief Cashier and has had considerable experience of exchange control, as well as of home finance. His name will appear in due course on new currency notes.



INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE NEW H.Q., M.E.L.F., IN CYPRUS: GENERAL SIR CHARLES KEIGHTLEY. General Sir Charles Keightley, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces, made his official entry into his new H.Q. at Nicosia, Cyprus, on December 1. The Command has been transferred from the Suez Canal Zone. The C-in-C was received by a guard of honour of the 2nd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

THE LATE MR. M. C. HARMAN (LEFT), SEEN WHEN HE GAVE HIS SON'S V.C. FOR SAFE KEEPING. Mr. Martin Coles Harman, the financier and owner of Lundy Island, died on December 5, aged sixty-nine. In August 1952 he presented to the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, at Maidstone, the V.C. posthumously awarded to his son, L/Cpl. J. P. Harman, who was killed at Kohima, Burma, in 1944. Mr. Harman bought Lundy Island in 1925 for £16,000.



THE NEW C-IN-C, MEDITERRANEAN, ADMIRAL SIR G. GRANTHAM (RIGHT), WITH MAJOR-GENERAL DAUNT, G.O.C. MALTA GARRISON. Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, who arrived at Malta in the despatch vessel Surprise on December 9, is seen above with General Daunt at Customs House, Valetta, during the farewell ceremony the following day to Admiral Lord Mountbatten, who has been appointed First Sea Lord. Admiral Grantham has been Vice-Chief of Naval Staff since October 1951.

NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR, AND A TOURING "SWEETSHOP" FOR AMERICA.



GIVING A DEMONSTRATION OF RESCUE WORK AT THEIR TRAINING-GROUND AT EPSOM, SURREY : MEMBERS OF THE CIVIL DEFENCE EXPERIMENTAL MOBILE COLUMN.

Major Lloyd-George, the Home Secretary, accompanied by Mr. Macmillan, Minister of Defence, visited the Epsom training-ground of the Civil Defence experimental mobile column on December 10 and watched the demonstrations. The column is to teach thousands of R.A.F. reservists the main principles of rescue work.



BEING INSPECTED BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS FESTING OUTSIDE WEMBLEY STADIUM : FIVE HUNDRED OFFICERS AND OTHER RANKS OF THE MIDDLESEX HOME GUARD.

On December 12 more than 500 officers and other ranks of the Middlesex Home Guard (including some women) voluntarily turned out on a ceremonial parade and were inspected by Lieut.-General Sir F. Festing, G.O.C.-in-Chief, Eastern Command. It was the biggest Home Guard parade since the force was re-formed.



AT THE END OF THE MOSCOW CONFERENCE OF EIGHT EAST EUROPEAN COUNTRIES : THE SOVIET DELEGATION, HEADED BY MR. MOLOTOV (WEARING GLASSES), SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER.

The Moscow conference on European security called by the Soviet Union, with China as an observer, was held from November 29 to December 2. A joint declaration was issued at the end of the conference denouncing the Western agreements on Germany as calculated to "increase the threat of a disastrous atomic war."



AFTER AGREEING ON COMPENSATION TO FORMER ALLIED PRISONERS-OF-WAR HELD BY JAPAN : SIR NORMAN ROBERTS (RIGHT) AND MR. Y. ANDO.

Sir N. Roberts, a former British Minister to Japan, representing thirteen nations, and Mr. Ando, a Japanese Foreign Ministry official, initialled an agreement in Tokyo on November 30 by which Japan will pay £4,500,000 to the International Committee of the Red Cross.



BEFORE LEAVING FOR GLASGOW FOR ITS 20,000-MILE TOUR OF CANADA AND U.S.A. :

THE SHOWVAN OWNED BY HORNERS, THE CO. DURHAM SWEET MANUFACTURERS. Advertising "Horners Candies," this showvan is to make a tour of North America in an attempt to persuade Canadians and Americans to buy British confectionery and thus earn dollars. The crew consists of a driver-mechanic and a young saleswoman, who hope to visit about seventy cities within six months.



ON VIEW AT THE GENERAL MOTORS "MOTORAMA" SHOW IN TORONTO, CANADA. THE "CAR OF THE FUTURE," THE XP-21 FIREBIRD, THE FIRST U.S.-BUILT GAS TURBINE CAR.

Among the interesting exhibits at the General Motors Show at Exhibition Park, Toronto, is the Firebird, the first gas turbine car to be built by the U.S.A. It is a single-seater and looks more like something from outer space than a racing car.

A GREAT CITY OF THE WEST COUNTRY.

"THE CITY AND COUNTY OF BRISTOL: A STUDY IN ATLANTIC CIVILISATION"; By BRYAN LITTLE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

LET no one be deterred by the rather solemn title of Mr. Little's book. It is a history of Bristol, not of "Atlantic Civilisation": of Bristol's origins, development, fortunes and importance in peace and war, and of the various activities of its inhabitants, eminent and otherwise. It is scholarly and comprehensive. It is also excellently proportioned: the author does not allow his own special interests (of which, I conceive architecture to be one) to deflect his attention from other aspects of the subject. Those who wish for the City's military history will find it here; those who want information about the far more than three "sailors of Bristol city, Who took a boat and went to sea," are fully provided with it; those to whom Bristol chiefly means "Bristol Milk" are given the story of the wine-trade; and the requirements of those who are anxious to learn about the birth and growth of Messrs. Wills's tobacco business are not overlooked because of the importance, to others, of the Cathedral, and that noble church, St. Mary Redcliffe.

The Romans hardly come into the book. A couple of villas have been found near Avonmouth, but Bath was the local settlement, and Bristol does not really become prominent until Norman times, when, as port and strategic centre, it began to achieve a prominence which, as the Metropolis of the West, it still retains. All thereafter, with brief setbacks, was growth. Bristol's ships went everywhere—there was a large medieval fish-trade with Iceland, and later a triangular trade in local products, very various, slaves, and sugar and tobacco, with Africa and America. During that long prosperity a great deal of fine building was carried out, which, in spite of the air-raids and Progress, has still left the city one of the aesthetically richest in England. And its history is fascinating, even its commercial history. For that matter, isn't any local history?

Long ago, when I was as young in spirit, and unrealistic in thought, as many people are now, I was not merely prepared to tell my absurd elders, and all their ancestors, how and why they had gone wrong, but could "survey the world from China to Peru" and offer confident advice to the Chinese and the Peruvians as to how to manage their affairs—both the Chinese and the Peruvians, incidentally, are, at the moment, making things awkward for a Britannia whose trident is held in a nerveless and anaesthetised arm. At that time, had I been presented with a history of Bristol, I should probably have thought that it might interest the parish-pump inhabitants of Bristol. I would hardly have passed a condescending eye over a history of my own native town or of Devonshire (the county ancestral, the town definitely not) without saying "parish pump!" "The world was mine oyster": I had no desire to open it, but I did want to watch it. What was a parish!

Growing older, I have thought in smaller and smaller terms. There can be little new for me in one more general history of England, or France or Europe: the old familiar outstanding events will be described in order once again, with nothing fresh to be hoped for but some new strain of sympathy, or enthusiasm, or brilliance of style, in the author. But come down to the history of a county, a town, or a village, and angles on "great" events are revealed which we have never perceived before, while all sorts of interesting and amusing incidents are recorded for which no general historian could have room, even if he had ever heard of them. The last two local histories I have read were a county history and the annals of a small, secluded village. In the history of the county, which I thought I knew pretty well, there was information, quite new to me, about extinct industries, ups and downs of populations, and manorial magnates, who loomed in their domains as hugely as kings and statesmen in their kingdoms, and frequently did more good. And in the parish history (I forgot if it was in that book that I came across, in accounts *circ.* Queen Anne, the entry "2d. for a travelling Turk"—which might have drawn a whole imaginative novel out of men like "Q" or John Buchan) things never heard

of twenty miles away dominated the volume. Three hundred years ago two bullying Roundhead soldiers barged into the village, invaded the inn, bullied the landlady, and probably drank her out of house and home: they must have been infantry, for they are not recorded as having stabled their horses in the church. And a little later there came a Fire. It burnt down several cottages. When her present Majesty had her Coronation Day that village presented a mimed pageant, in the rain, in the rather triangular Square. The next parish, influenced by the name "Elizabeth," and prompted also, possibly, by the fact that most of the inhabitants were hunting people with horses, did the obvious and almost universal thing: they had a mounted pageant, with Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Essex and Leicester all trotting along, fully caparisoned, on steeds. For all I know to the contrary, Shakespeare may have been of the company: he demonstrably,

in relation to its surroundings, was as the Great Fire of London to London. Something had to be put in about the nineteenth century. There was an old charity under the terms of which a little money had to be given to deserving old parishioners: it was decided that an early Victorian churchwarden should march, with the verger behind him, on to the stage, sit down, and distribute the largesse, all in dumb-show. I was the churchwarden—for it was Coronation Day, and I did what I was told. I borrowed a top-hat from one man, an antiquated tail-coat from another, a flowered waistcoat from a third, and a stock from a fourth: the whiskers I was able to provide, without eleemosynary assistance. But there, with all the imposing ceremonies going on in London in the presence of all the magnates and vast multitudes, I felt just as much in the presence of all our past as I should have had I been in the Abbey itself.

So also in this book about Bristol. The importance of Bristol in all our Civil Wars has not been overlooked. It is expanded upon here, and new light is thrown on Bristol's attitude towards the Great Rebellion. The City—then the second City and Port of the Kingdom—contained its extremists on both sides, but the great mass of the citizens were anxious merely for a cessation of strife and the ability to get on with their own business—which was also the attitude of the bulk of the population amid the wars of the Reformation period. But more detail about the sieges and occupations is given than we usually encounter. Again, we are commonly told that the riots before the Reform Bill of 1832 were particularly violent in Bristol, with a few lines about the damage done. Here we get the whole story.

After the start, says Mr. Little: "the destructive, looting element, reinforced by common criminals freed from the prisons, was wholly in charge. Sunday night was the worst of all, though the area of continuous destruction was only in and near Queen Square. The Custom House was burnt, and with it many rioters at supper. The whole of the North side, nearly all the Western range, and some warehouses in Prince Street were burnt or looted.... The night saw drinking, feasting, and piles of plunder in the middle of Queen Square.... The whole incident was without parallel in an England unaccustomed to such tumults." The legendary "Reformers" were not even those whom the Bill was going to enfranchise.

The book is starred with small and entertaining episodes. At one period the soap-makers—and Bristol was long a centre of "soapers"—decided no longer to rely on Spanish olive-oil, but on "train oil" from Newfoundland, which had first been discovered by a Bristol expedition under Cabot. It sounded all right: but the public, though not insisting on scented soap, didn't want soap that "stank" and there had to be reversion to the olives. In the section about literature and the arts, while full justice is done to the connection of Coleridge and Southey with Bristol and with the Cottle booksellers, Byron sang:

Oh Amos Cottle, Phœbus what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame.

I was delighted to find reference to "Mrs. Ann Yearsley, a Bristol Milkwoman" who had a fleeting glory as a poetess. But I think Mr. Little might have quoted her. I lost my copy in the air-raids, but I still remember her, indeed, unforgettable, in her "Ode to the Bristol Channel" invocation:

"Hail! Useful Channel."

The Channel must surely have been grateful for this recognition of one of its most useful attributes. By its position and its tides it made Bristol.



MR. BRYAN LITTLE, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Bryan Little has carried out much research into economics and business history. He lives in Bristol and is the author of "The Building of Bath" (1947); "Cheltenham" (1952); "The Three Choirs Cities" (1952), and "Exeter" (1953). He is also well known as a lecturer and has broadcast on historical and topographical subjects.



THE CLIFTON SCENE: A VIEW OF THE TERRACES AND THE FAMOUS SUSPENSION BRIDGE. [Aerofilms.]

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The City and County of Bristol"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Werner Laurie.



THE HISTORIC CENTRE OF BRISTOL: IN THE FOREGROUND IS QUEEN SQUARE. BRISTOL BRIDGE IS ON THE EXTREME RIGHT. [Aerofilms.]

from his works, knew the points of a horse, as of a hound, but his personal connection with horses is only attested by the legend that, when he first came to London, he kept himself by holding horses' heads—for horses, unlike motor-cars, cannot be left with an assurance that they will remain still if unattended. Of Shakespeare's complicity in that pageant I cannot be sure, because I was performing in the village square, under the direction of a learned local antiquary, and an able local producer, both women.

It is all a matter of scale. That Roundhead incursion, still lingering in local lore, appeared as momentous as Naseby or Marston Moor. That Fire,

STORMY WEATHER: HEAVY SEAS AT BRIGHTON AND HOVE, AND FLOODS IN DUBLIN.



HEAVY SEAS POURING THROUGH A BREACH IN THE PROMENADE WALL AT HOVE, SUSSEX, AND FLOODING A LARGE AREA OF THE PUTTING-GREEN ON THE SEA-FRONT. THERE WAS CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE AT ALMOST ALL THE SUSSEX SEASIDE RESORTS AFTER THE HEAVY STORMS ON DECEMBER 9.



AN AMPHIBIOUS TRAIN: THE CORNISH RIVIERA EXPRESS, PULLED BY TWO ENGINES, STEAMING AT WALKING-PACE THROUGH FLOOD-WATER AT PLYMPTON, DEVON, ON THE WAY FROM PLYMOUTH TO LONDON.

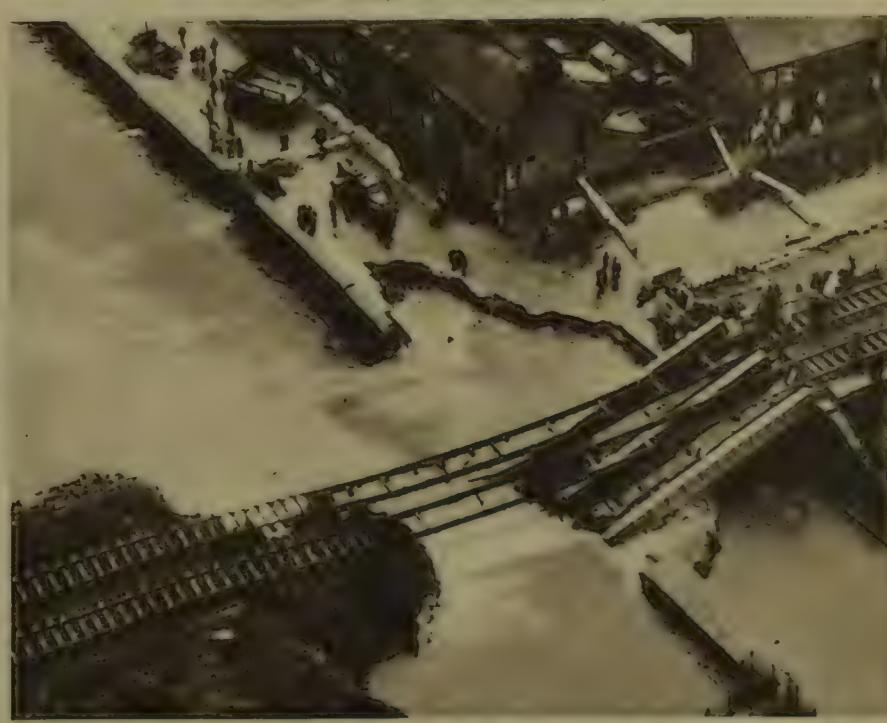


POUNDING BRIGHTON'S SEA DEFENCES: HEAVY SEAS, SENDING SPRAY HIGH INTO THE AIR AS THEY STRIKE THE SHORE. THE GALES ON THE SOUTH COAST WERE SOME OF THE WORST IN LIVING MEMORY.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF FAIRVIEW PARK, IN THE SUBURBS OF DUBLIN, WHERE MANY PEOPLE WERE MADE TEMPORARILY HOMELESS BY FLOODS FROM THE TOLKA RIVER. THE PARK IS ONLY ABOUT 100 YARDS FROM THE RIVER.

The heavy rain and gales which have swept over Britain and Ireland this winter reached a crescendo during the week beginning December 5, when almost every condition of inclement weather was reported—tornadoes, whirlwinds, gales, storms, squalls, floods, snow, sleet and rain. The gale which struck Ireland from the south-east on December 8 was one of the most destructive in the last twenty-five years. The wind at times reached hurricane force, blowing down trees, telegraph-poles and electricity pylons. Many of the main roads in the Shannon Valley were made impassable, and trains and buses were held up for long periods. In Dublin the most seriously affected area was the low-lying North Strand, on the north side of the Liffey, where the Tolka River overflowed and flooded some of the suburbs, including Fairview Park. The foundations of the Drogheada railway



UNDERMINED BY THE FLOODS FROM THE TOLKA RIVER: THE DROGHEDA RAILWAY BRIDGE, DUBLIN. ARMY ENGINEERS BLEW UP THE REMAINING PORTION OF THE BRIDGE WHICH WAS IMPEDING THE FLOOD-WATER AND DIVERTING IT TO OTHER AREAS.

bridge were undermined and water, electrical and gas services to the Clontarf area were affected. The Government appointed three Cabinet Ministers to organise relief measures. In Dublin alone almost 1000 families had to be evacuated from their homes. Along the south coast of England, and especially in Sussex, much damage was caused to the sea defences, which were breached in many places. At Brighton the heavy seas swept along the promenade, throwing up much shingle with them, and at Hove the sea-wall was breached, causing floods. The *Cornish Riviera Express* from Plymouth was forced at times to steam at walking-pace through deep water which had covered the railway-line in many places. Two engines were used for this purpose but, in spite of this measure, the express was late into London.



IN THE TRAIL OF WEST LONDON'S FREAK STORM: A TREE THAT CRASHED INTO A "PRE-FAB" HOUSE NEAR KINGSTON AND FELL ACROSS A SITTING-ROOM SETTEE.

THE WEST LONDON "MINOR TORNADO": SCENES OF THE DESTROYED AND DAMAGED HOUSES, HOARDINGS,



IN SOUTH ACTON: A PARKED CAR WRECKED BY THE FALL OF BRICKS WHEN THE SIDE OF A HOUSE IN ROTHSCHILD ROAD WAS BLOWN OUT BY THE TORNADO.



WHERE THE TORNADO TORE OUT THE SIDE OF A HOUSE IN ROTHSCHILD ROAD, SOUTH ACTON, IN ACTON ALONE ABOUT FORTY HOUSES WERE DAMAGED BY THE STORM.



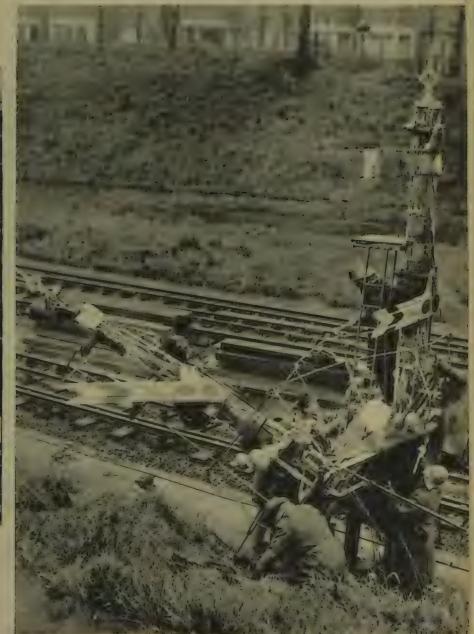
WHERE FOUR PEOPLE ESCAPED UNHURT WHEN THE GALE TORE THE END OF THE HOUSE AWAY: THE HOUSE IN THE VALE, ACTON, IN WHICH A WOMAN WAS RESCUED FROM THE ATTIC.

ON the evening of December 8, just before darkness fell, a violent gale, described as a "minor tornado," struck west and north-west London, doing great damage to property and causing a number of personal casualties, none, however, fatal. The area of greatest damage was in Gunnersbury, Chiswick, Acton and Willesden. Part of the canopy roof of Gunnersbury Underground Station was blown off, falling on to the track, where it caused a short circuit and put the line out of action between Richmond and Turnham Green. Six people were slightly injured, but had the tornado

DEVASTATION CAUSED BY A FREAK STORM, WHICH FACTORIES AND A RAILWAY STATION.



WHEN DAY BROKE AT GUNNERSBURY STATION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DAMAGE, WHEN WORKMEN HAD CLEARED THE LINE, ALTHOUGH THE STATION WAS STILL OUT OF ACTION.



DAMAGED SIGNALS ON THE LINE AT GUNNERSBURY AFTER THE TORNADO WRECKED THE STATION AND CUT THE SERVICE BETWEEN RICHMOND AND TURNHAM GREEN.



THE TORNADO WAS ACCOMPANIED BY THUNDER AND LIGHTNING; AND THIS 50-FT. CHIMNEY STACK OF A CHISWICK LAUNDRY WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AND PARTLY DESTROYED. struck ten minutes earlier there would have been about 200 people on the platform. Near the station a 50-yard brick wall was blown down, crushing a man passing by. A nearby factory lost part of its roof and a heavy door was blown into the building. In Chiswick, twelve houses had their roofs blown off, and in others walls were blown out. Many houses in Acton and Willesden were damaged; and a number of cars were crushed by falling bricks and masonry. A room in the Central Middlesex Nurses' Training Home, which had just previously been occupied by thirty-five girls, was



completely wrecked by the storm; and a lead factory in Acton was totally wrecked. In Willesden, a wooden hoarding about 100 ft. long was blown across the road and five men were injured by it. In The Vale, Acton, the side of a house broke away and fell into the road. Four people escaped unharmed; but a woman trapped in an attic had to be rescued by firemen and police. At Gunnersbury Station engineers worked in driving rain to clear the track of corrugated roofing, baulks of timber, assorted debris and torn-down signal-wires.



DISTINCT FROM THE REGULAR POLICE: A KIKUYU TRIBAL POLICE, A BODY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE ADMINISTRATION.



A FORMER TIMBER SAWYER: MBUTHIA, NOW LEADER OF THE KIMVONA HOME GUARD POST, ON THE EDGE OF ABERDARE FOREST, FORT HALL DISTRICT.



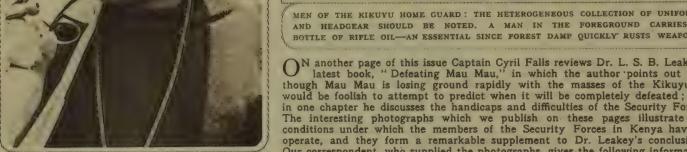
A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE PARAMILITARY POLICE GENERAL SERVICE UNITS: A MASAI BRENN-GUNNER, WITH HIS WEAPON.



A POLICE PATROL MOVING UP A STREAM-BED IN THE FOREST: SILENT MOVEMENT BY A HEAVILY ARMED PATROL IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE IN BAMBOO FORESTS.



Men of the Kikuyu Home Guard: THE HETEROGENEOUS COLLECTION OF UNIFORMS AND HEADGEAR SHOULD BE NOTED. A MAN IN THE FOREGROUND CARRIES A BOTTLE OF RIFLE OIL—AN ESSENTIAL SINCE FOREST DAME QUICKELY RUSTS WEAPONS.



Men of the Kikuyu Home Guard: THE HETEROGENEOUS COLLECTION OF UNIFORMS AND HEADGEAR SHOULD BE NOTED. A MAN IN THE FOREGROUND CARRIES A BOTTLE OF RIFLE OIL—AN ESSENTIAL SINCE FOREST DAME QUICKELY RUSTS WEAPONS.



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THE STRUGGLE AGAINST OPERATIONS BY MEN OF CARRIED ON IN DIFFICULT ASPECTS OF CONDITIONS



POLICING A GANG: A PATROL OF THE ROYAL KIKUYU HOME GUARD. CO-OPERATION BE-TWEEN MILITARY, POLICE AND HOME GUARD IS CLOSE; AND BRITISH TROOPS AND



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MAU MAU TERRORISM: THE SECURITY FORCES COUNTRY, AND OTHER IN KENYA TO-DAY.



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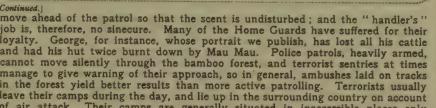
POLICING A GANG: A PATROL OF THE ROYAL KIKUYU HOME GUARD. CO-OPERATION BE-TWEEN MILITARY, POLICE AND HOME GUARD IS CLOSE; AND BRITISH TROOPS AND



AFTER A "SWEEP" IN THE RESERVE: A PATROL OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES. MANY OF THESE MEN HAVE SERVED IN MALAYA, WHERE THEY GAINED VALUABLE EXPERIENCE IN THE CONDUCT OF ANTI-TERRORIST OPERATIONS IN DIFFICULT COUNTRY.



A TRACKER-DOG FOLLOWING A GANG: THESE DOGS, USUALLY DOBERMANN PINSCHERS, HAVE PROVED EFFECTIVE, WHEN AN INCIDENT IS REPORTED, DOGS AND "HANDLERS" JOIN THE PATROL FOLLOWING THE GANG.



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A MAN OF PRIMITIVE RACE PRACTISED IN TRACKING GAME: A SAMBURU TRACKER FROM THE NORTHERN PROVINCE OF KENYA.



A MEMBER OF THE HOME GUARD AT KINVONA: GEORGE, WHO HAS LOST ALL HIS CATTLE AND TWICE HAD HIS HUT BURNED BY MAU MAU.



A MEMBER OF THE HOME GUARD: AN ELDER OF THE EMBU TRIBE. THE OLDER MEN ARE, AS A RULE, STAUNCH LOYALISTS, BITTERLY OPPOSED TO MAU MAU.

IN some ways the Press has been less successful than usual in reporting the troubles in Kenya. It has certainly provided a record of events, but to me at least—and I suppose I read newspapers more carefully than the majority—the background has been shadowy. Language difficulties and the limited time which many of the reporters have spent on the scene may be in part responsible. All the more valuable then is a little book by a man who has watched the rise of the Mau Mau movement and its developments, who speaks the Kikuyu language, is a friend of some of its chiefs and educated members, and knows the tribe and its history as well as others. Dr. Leakey is irritating at times through his habit of repeating comments in almost identical form. His book gives the impression of having been written in haste or originally as a series of articles; if the latter, they needed some revision before going into volume form. Yet all essential information, including progress made and handicaps still to be faced, is here.

The most astonishing aspect of a horrible story is the very great skill and organising power displayed by the leaders of the movement. One can only speculate upon what would have happened had they been ready for their campaign when the state of emergency was declared. Clearly matters would have been much worse than has been the case. Dr. Leakey shows that they were unready, though they had been long preparing. Yet they recovered quickly and swung over to a policy of terrorism. We have heard a great deal of the sufferings and death of Europeans, but by far the greater volume of their criminal actions has been directed against their own people. The reported deaths account for, at most, one-third of those actually killed, many of whom were strangled at oath-taking meetings for refusal to go on with the ceremonial, and buried on the spot. Dr. Leakey feels sure that one of the effects of the desertion of Mau Mau by the masses which is now taking place will be a final orgy of violence and murder by the desperate survivors.

The gift for organisation of which I have spoken has been shown in scores of ways. First, as in many secret movements, degrees demanding progressive initiations have been established. The highest is one about which the author cannot write because his book could not have been published if he had. He concludes that the object of its nameless bestialities has been to

create a band of bestial outcasts, ready to perpetrate any crime, and so mentally and morally ruined, so rotten, that they cannot hope for rehabilitation or readmittance to the tribe. Then there has been a marvellously successful spy system, a warning system which has again and again saved those engaged in illegal meetings, clever forging of passes, carefully planned theft of firearms, illegal courts, used not only for disciplinary purposes but also to extract fines of up to £250 from well-to-do Kikuyu traders for failure to join or to act after joining—this last being the chief means by which the revolt has been financed. Some of the propaganda has been astute, and the Mau Mau hymn-books were an inspiration, but as a whole, propaganda has been based on threats and terrorism.

The murder of Europeans has been, according to Dr. Leakey, in a sense a side-line. Its object has been to reinforce the promise to the natives that Europeans will be driven out or killed. He states that, whereas the vast majority of Europeans have stood firm, a few families have concluded that Kenya is no longer a place for their race and colour and have accordingly packed and gone. In his view, those who have done so have played into the hands of Mau Mau. Perhaps so, but if we imagine a British family with several young children and independent means, the wife being perhaps nervous and delicate, we can hardly blame them for deciding to live somewhere else. Dr. Leakey laments that so few of them have learnt the language and tells us that Swahili is not a *lingua franca* to such an extent as is commonly supposed.

The author pays a warm tribute to the Kikuyu who have resisted Mau Mau, always at their peril, often at the cost of their lives and those of their kin. Many of these have done so because they are believing Christians. Some of the older chiefs, on the other hand, reject Christianity but have been equally stalwart in resisting Mau Mau because it debases the old religion and traditions of the tribe. Mau Mau has itself become a religion of an abominable sort. Dr. Leakey asserts that efforts to enrol members of other tribes have, on the whole, been disappointing to Mau Mau in the tribal lands, but that in Nairobi, where the tribal system is naturally broken up or at least suspended, they have achieved a good deal of success. He thinks it is loyalist Kikuyu who have played the most important part in the defeat of Mau Mau, which has, to a great extent, already been effected, even though so much remains to be done.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST MAU MAU.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

One of the heaviest handicaps, in Dr. Leakey's opinion, is that the hastily enrolled security forces have been in the majority of cases ill-trained. In some they have also been ill-behaved, but not, he thinks, more often than was inevitable. After all, it becomes news only when they disgrace themselves, not when they do their duty. "Screening," which



DROPPING SUPPLIES TO A PATROL OF POLICE AND KIKUYU HOME GUARD HIGH IN THE ABERDARES: A LIGHT AIRCRAFT.

Aircraft used for supply-dropping to patrols and for "spotting," and as pathfinders marking targets for the heavy Lincoln bombers are operated by the Kenya Police Reserve Air Wing, and mostly flown by local civilian pilots.



SEEN FROM BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE AND PANJIS (POINTED BAMBOO STAKES) OF A REMOTE POLICE POST: THE ABERDARE MOUNTAINS.

"... a large part of the country in which Mau Mau operates is without proper roads, and, of course, a part of it is actual forest on the mountain-slopes of Mount Kenya and the Aberdare. ... It is not at all easy, therefore, to get the news of the movements of a Mau Mau gang back to a point where there is a Guard Post, a Police Post or a Military Camp in time for the Security Forces to get into action before the gang... has melted away." This photograph, in common with the others on this page, received from a correspondent in Kenya, supports Dr. Leakey's words.



IN THE EMBU REGION NEAR MOUNT KENYA: POLICE AND MEN OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES OUTSIDE A HOME GUARD POST.

The fortified Home Guard Posts are built and manned entirely by local "loyalists." Strategically situated in or near villages, they serve as defensive strong points and as bases for active anti-terrorist operations, and for the collection of information. In "Defeating Mau Mau," the book reviewed by Captain Falls on this page, Dr. L. S. B. Leakey discusses the handicaps of the Security Forces operating against Mau Mau, and explains the reasons why Mau Mau has been able to hold out for so long against the combined forces of the Police, the Army and the Air Force.



QUESTIONING A MAU MAU PRISONER: CHIEF APOLLO OF KIGUMO, WITH SOME OF HIS HOME GUARD.

"Although the Security Forces—represented by the Police and the Military in all their diverse branches—are naturally playing a very big part against the militant Mau Mau, the people who are in most constant opposition to them... are the Kikuyu Home Guards. This body is, in the main, composed of 'loyalists,' as those Kikuyu who are opposed to Mau Mau are locally termed."

has been much criticised, he thinks is essential. It undoubtedly causes much inconvenience to loyal Africans, but if it were not for the careful and deliberate checking of papers, especially identity cards and passes, the clever forgers would be able to "get away with it" to such an extent that these would become next door to useless. Besides this, at "screening" parades, men long wanted are constantly identified. In the same way he defends detention under the state of emergency. He writes with moderation and fairness, and those who read such of the horrors as he reveals

will not believe that a certain heaviness of hand can be avoided in dealing with those whom there is good reason to suspect of taking part in them.

More controversial is his treatment of the churches and their missionaries. It is not difficult to agree with him when he says that the differing tenets of the different creeds are puzzling to African minds and weaken the cause of Christianity. Yet the

relationship of the churches with the unrest goes far deeper than this. The stand taken by the missions against ancient tribal customs, in particular polygamy; what is called female circumcision; and the cohabitation of a woman with her deceased husband's brother—even if he is already married—is strongly resented and has led to the establishment of two independent churches with chains of schools. Some of the schools were brought into the Mau Mau organisation and actually used for the ceremonies of the oath already alluded to. They also inculcated with the Mau Mau doctrine thousands of youths and girls, who would become active members on reaching manhood and womanhood.

I am not quite sure whether Dr. Leakey considers that the churches should have overlooked practices such as polygamy in their members. It is difficult to see how they could have done so. Yet the attitude of this observer, who seems to have no prejudices, has many friends among Africans, and condemns not only the colour bar but the culture bar, does not look very different from that of the "old-fashioned" white settlers who regard mission teachings as having contributed to the break-up of tribes. It is a grave problem. Can it be that, with the best of intentions, missions have helped to undermine ancient tribal and heathen virtues without having been able to implant the higher virtues which they have taught? This is a question for the religious moralist, but he must be an expert in African life and culture if he is to answer it satisfactorily. Nor does either an affirmative or a negative answer provide a basis for future policy.

It so happens that the Kikuyu are of a dogged and persistent type. This characteristic explains why Mau Mau fights on so savagely. It explains also, however, why polygamy and the other customs mentioned have been preserved with such determination even by those who desire to be professing Christians. This is not, it need hardly be said, the sole important problem regarding the Kikuyu, but it is one of the foremost.

"Many boys and girls thus grew up," writes Dr. Leakey, "...having some little book-learning, but without any real training in how to behave as adults in the life of the community. Dishonesty of all kinds became common and sexual morals degenerated." This state of affairs he attributes to the indifferent quality of the young African teachers. Yet these words might be used of many cities and even villages in our own country. The divorce between "some little book-learning" on the one hand and character, virtue, and honesty on the other, has never appeared more striking.

Having examined the social structure, the author suggests some remedies for its deficiencies. He thinks wages should be raised and that cottages should be built for town workers. At present these men live in corners of rooms and, since they cannot afford to have their families with them, keep them in overcrowded native land units, where the women cultivate the ground. To the argument that the work of the average African is not worth more than what he is paid at present, he answers that it would be if his diet were improved. He believes that African firemen and engine-drivers, for example, do their work as well as many white men. He advocates some form of old-age pension. He would like to see some assistance given in the limitation of the excessive birth-rate. One must confess to hearing with a groan the argument that, since we have paid so much for fighting Mau Mau, we should be willing to go on spending at the same rate on raising the standard of living. Moreover, are we to do it for the Kikuyu only or all Africa which we touch? If the former, will not other peoples say that the Kikuyu went about things the right way?

Anyhow, read him yourselves and make up your own minds. People often say nowadays that books have become so dear that they cannot afford those which they would like to read in order to instruct themselves on important topics. This book is as cheap as any offered at the moment, and if it is short it is stuffed full of matter. There is always the library to fall back upon. I do not recommend it to "everyone," as reviewers sometimes do in their large way, because there are many people who do not particularly want to read of Mau Mau, and it is not my own favourite subject. I do recommend it to everyone who desires to acquire a working knowledge of the subject. Though I have grumbled at repetitions and am not pretending that it possesses literary graces, I can promise that it is clear and illuminating. Dr. Leakey strikes me as a sincere writer who knows his subject. I do not know the subject myself, but one can generally, though not always, recognise sound knowledge when one sees it.



PAYING STATE VISITS TO INDIA AND BURMA : MARSHAL TITO, PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF YUGOSLAVIA.

President Tito was due to land at Bombay from the cruiser *Caleb* on December 16 to begin his State visits to India and Burma. While in India he will have talks with Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister. This is the first time a Head of State of a European country will have visited India since the latter achieved independence in 1947. It is reported that, on his way home early next year, the President will visit Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Prime Minister. Josip Broz, who took the revolutionary *nom de guerre* of Tito in 1937, is the son of a blacksmith and was born in the Croatian village of Kumrovec, north-west Yugoslavia, on May 25, 1892. While serving as a private in the Austro-Hungarian Army in World War I, he was captured by the Russians and remained a prisoner for two years until 1917,

and was at Omsk at the time of the Communist *coup d'état*. He returned to Yugoslavia to become one of the organisers of the Communist Party, but in 1928 was sentenced to six years imprisonment. In 1937 he became Secretary-General of the Yugoslav Communist Party. During World War II, he started guerrilla warfare against the German Army and, after his country had been liberated in 1945, became Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, having appointed himself Marshal. In 1948 came the break with the Cominform and his quarrel with Stalin, since when he has followed a policy of co-operation with the Western Powers. In 1953, at the invitation of the British Government, he visited this country. President Tito married Jovanka Budisavljevic, his third wife, in 1952.

Exclusive Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.



AT THE NEWMARKET DECEMBER SALES, WHERE THE RECORD TURNOVER EXCEEDED A MILLION GUINEAS: MONSOON, DAM OF FESTOON, IN THE RING AT PARK PADDOCKS.

Tattersall's five-day December sale of bloodstock at Park Paddocks, Newmarket, was followed by record sales in every part of the world, with attendees from seven foreign countries who were hunting to secure some of the 1,000 Mr. J. A. Dewar's mares or fillies, the like of which rarely come on the market. The sales turnover surpassed even the most optimistic of forecasts and the 1946 December Sales record of 882,173 guineas was beaten soon after noon on December 9,

when 10 record aggregates for the first four days reached 1,067,001 guineas. It was the first time that such a figure had ever been reached at a British bloodstock sale, and that with 200 lots still to sell on the last day, December 10. During the sale, numerous record prices were set up. On the first day Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham, the American racehorse owner and cosmetician, paid a record price for a foal when she gave 19,000 guineas for the late Mr. J. A. Dewar's chestnut colt-foal by *Fair Trial*

out of *Monsoon*. On December 7 American buyers who hoped to take back with them *Festoon* and *Refreshed*, the most sought-after mares from the late Mr. Dewar's stud, were beaten in fierce competition by two English brothers, Mr. G. Askew and Mr. A. Askew, who paid 60,000 guineas to retain the mares for the British bloodstock industry. Mr. A. Askew paid the world record price for a filly out of training when he gave 36,000 guineas for *Festoon*. Mr. G. Askew secured

Refreshed, a half-sister to *Festoon*, for 30,000 guineas. *Monsoon*, the thirteen-year-old dam of *Festoon*, *Refreshed* and many other good winners (the mare shown in this photograph), fetched 15,000 guineas. The record price for a two-year-old, set up on December 9 with the sale of *Durashki* for 21,000 guineas, lasted less than twenty-four hours, for *Portled Light*, a filly by *Hyperion* out of *Neelight*, fetched 27,000 guineas on December 10.



THE COURSHIP OF THE PLATYPUS—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME: A REMARKABLE RECORD MADE IN THE NEW YORK ZOO. THE MALE, CECIL, HAS SEIZED PENELOPE'S TAIL AND THEY ARE SWIMMING SLOWLY IN CIRCLES.

This photograph was taken this spring in the Platypusary of the New York Zoo, where the pair of duckbilled platypuses, *Cecil* and *Penelope*, have now for some time been thriving. Concerning this year's hopes and disappointments, Mr. Robert M. McLung, the Curator of Mammals and Birds in the New York Zoo, recently wrote in "Animal Kingdom" an article from which the following extracts are quoted: "On May 7 they were placed outside and we began to exhibit them on the 11th. . . . Each day *Penelope* was exhibited from 2 to 3 p.m. Then *Cecil* was ushered into his exhibition pool before *Penelope* was allowed to go back into her wooden burrows. In this way, she could easily be aware of the male platypus in the adjoining tank, for there were several wide cracks in the partition between the two tanks. If she showed any interest, we would be able to observe it at once. On the afternoon. . . . as soon as *Cecil* was put out, *Penelope* swam over to the partition and began scratching and nuzzling at the door. The door was opened, the two animals came together, and immediately began preliminary courtship and playing in typical platypus fashion. *Cecil* seized *Penelope*'s tail, and they slowly swam in circles. This alternated with much nuzzling of each other's back and tail. Daily thereafter, from May 18 until June 10, *Penelope* and *Cecil* were

allowed to be together for an hour or more each afternoon. Courtship continued vigorously. *Cecil* took the initiative each afternoon and pursued the not-unwilling *Penelope*. Courtship usually started with *Cecil* seizing *Penelope* by the tail. This action was accompanied by a great deal of mutual nuzzling and 'barrel-rolling.' In this manoeuvre *Penelope* would roll over and over in the water, seemingly trying to break loose from *Cecil*'s grip on her tail. When she was successful, however, she would usually swim back to him. Both animals seemed to tire of aggressive courtship after about an hour's time, and be more interested in feeding. . . . It was not until June 1 that we observed a behaviour variation that may have been actual mating. The complex manoeuvres were repeatedly observed and were photographed in motion pictures. . . . On June 10, reasonably satisfied that *Penelope* had been mated, we allowed her access to the clay bank. That night she commenced to dig and thereafter spent most of her time in the clay bank. . . . If *Penelope* had actually been mated, we calculated that somewhere around June 25 she would retire into her nest for a week to lay and incubate eggs. . . . By the first week in July it seemed clear that nothing was going to happen. And that's where we stand at present."

THE SHORT-LIVED SPLENDOURS OF THE DESERT FORTRESS-SHRINE OF HATRA: NOBLE SCULPTURES OF A DISTINCTIVE CULTURE (PART I.).

By DR. NAJI AL ASIL, Director General of Antiquities, Iraq.
(Photographs copyright of the Iraq Museum.)

(In our issues of November 10 and 17, 1951, DR. NAJI AL ASIL in two articles summarised recent discoveries on the Mesopotamian civilisation, with especial reference to the site of Hatra, some 93 miles south-west of Mosul, the scene of an extraordinary strength and prosperity, comparable with that of Palmyra, but with its own strong individual character. Excavations have continued at Hatra, whose ruins have proved to be a positive mine of statuary. DR. NAJI AL ASIL here describes the most recent excavations there; and the magnificent finds are so numerous that a further selection of photographs has been reserved for a future issue.)

AFTER four consecutive seasons of systematic excavation at Hatra, beginning in the spring of 1951 and ending in May 1954, we now begin to have some clear ideas about the gods, the kings, the nobles, the people, the temples and other cultural elements of that once-famous Arab city-state, which was the military bulwark of the Parthian Empire on its north-western frontier, in the first three centuries A.D.

It is still, perhaps, premature to write the full history of Hatra. That will come, one day. So far we have been picking up the evidence, facts from which we may assemble the true story piece by piece, word by word, one archaeological season after another. Compared with what we knew of Hatra four years ago, which was little indeed, it is remarkable how much knowledge we have gathered through the diligent and patient team-work of all concerned during the last four years. The chief factor was, of course, Hatra itself. The very generous response with which it has rewarded every one of our efforts in the field, by yielding its buried treasures of life-size marble and alabaster statues, limestone reliefs, Aramaic inscriptions, coins and many other objects in metal and clay, all combine to reveal a vision of splendid prosperity in the cultural life of this small but once mighty desert city-state.

It is with gratification that I acknowledge the valuable commentaries that have been published by several Orientalists on the subject of the Sculptures and Aramaic Inscriptions of Hatra, since these were first described in *The Illustrated London News* by myself, and in *Sumer* by Sayid Fuad Safar. These commentaries have added to the general knowledge of a cultural age that is both obscure and highly interesting. That interest is of especial concern to us as it deals with the cultural, civil, political and religious life of an Arab society of Aramaic culture, five to six centuries before the dawn of Islam. From a cultural point of view, Hatra was, indeed, splendid. But from an Islamic point of view, it was truly "ignorant."

During the four seasons of excavations, our expedition was under the field direction of Sayid Fuad Safar, director of excavations at the Directorate General of Antiquities of the Iraq Government. He was assisted throughout by Sayid Muhammed Ali Mustafa, with a small but efficient group of members from the staff of the Department. The now-famous Shergati-trained workmen played, as usual, a highly creditable part in the work.

Thanks to Hatra, Aramaic studies have now become a principal field of study and research not only in our Department, but also in the new Institute of Archaeology and Civilisation which is now in its fourth year of academic collegiate life.

Hatra seems to have had its origin towards the beginning of the Christian era. It was inhabited by a community of Mesopotamian Arabs, as the capital of the province known by the designation *Araba*. Some time after its foundation Hatra seems to have gained control over the trade routes which linked the Parthian capital, Ctesiphon, with such cities as Singara and Nisibis in the north, and gradually established itself not only as a great centre of commerce, but also as a powerful military stronghold.

Another source of economy to the city was agriculture. It has been proved in the last few years that the semi-desert land stretching for miles around Hatra is very fertile. When it is properly worked it yields much higher crops than in many other parts of Iraq. Of course, the value of the harvest depends on the amount of rain in the season.

The religious status of the city was unique in Mesopotamia. The very impressive great Temple complex which stood at its centre, and the numerous other shrines and temples scattered in different places within the fortifications of the city were undoubtedly centres of reverence to all the inhabitants of Mesopotamia proper. From distant abodes in the land between the two rivers, pilgrims travelled there at the

appropriate seasons with the most precious offerings of the time. This unique religious position was one of the main factors in the accumulation of the fabulous wealth of Hatra, of which the classical sources make particular mention.

Of the many deities so far discovered at Hatra, the sun-god, Shamash, to whom the monumental central building was originally dedicated, stands as the paramount head of the gods. He was known as *Maran*, "our lord," in the triad of the city. The other two deities are only known to us by their appellatives: *Martan*, "our lady," and *Bar-marayn*, the



FIG. 1. PROBABLY DEDICATED TO THE WORSHIP OF SAMYA, THE EAGLE GOD OF HATRA: SHRINE B OF TEMPLE VIII. THE SMALL ARCH, NEAR THE STANDING FIGURE, SERVED AS THE CELLA OF THE TEMPLE. A TRIAL PIT NEAR BY REVEALED TWO EARLIER SHRINES ON THE SAME SITE.

"son of our lords." Thus we have this very interesting triad of Hatra: *Maran*, *Martan* and *Bar-marayn*. The sun-god himself is represented as a vigorous, strong man in military dress, with twelve rays around his head. With him, Zeus was identified in some Hellenistic centres in the Middle East (Fig. 8, *Illustrated London News*, November 17, 1951).

Among the deities of Hatra whose newly-discovered statues can be definitely identified are Nergal, Allat,



FIG. 2. DEDICATED TO HERCULES: THE INTERIOR OF TEMPLE VII., SHOWING THE CELLA AND THE EMPTIED ALTAR IN FRONT OF IT. THE STANDING FIGURE IS IN THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER. A LIFE-SIZE STATUE OF HERCULES IN WHITE MARBLE WAS FOUND IN FRAGMENTS BESIDE AND WITHIN THE CELLA.

Sanya, Atar'at and Hercules. Nergal is depicted in relief as a fierce-looking standing figure, with his symbol, the axe, in his right hand. He was associated with the after-life and the underworld. Therefore he was the keeper of a monstrous three-headed dog which was the guardian of the underworld, as Hades, in the Greek mythology, was the keeper of Cerberos, which was pictured as a dog with three heads, and a tail in the form of a snake (Fig. 11, *Illustrated London News*, November 17, 1951).

Allat, one of the most celebrated deities in pre-Islamic Arabia, was one of the chief goddesses at Hatra. Identified with the great Greek goddess Athene, Allat was represented at Hatra as standing on the back of a lion with a helmet on her head, holding a spear in her right hand and a shield in the left. Even the masked face of Medusa, which is always

associated with Athene, is found decorating the breast of Allat. This identification of Allat with Athene is one of the most interesting discoveries at Hatra. The other two female figures, standing on the right and on the left of Allat, may represent the other two Arabian goddesses, al-Uzza and Menat. All three are mentioned in the *Kuran*.

Sanya the eagle-god had his own temple at Hatra. Although the eagle as a symbol of power and conquest was worshipped in many cities of the Hellenistic times, yet at Hatra he was more associated with the life of the city than anywhere else. His image appeared on the coins locally struck. (Fig. 9, *The Illustrated London News*, November 17, 1951.)

Not less popular was Hercules, whose images in the third century A.D. were placed in every shrine of the city. Temple VII. was dedicated to him, and a 6-ft. statue of Hercules in marble was placed in the *cella*. Even some of his twelve labours were found depicted on a cult object in limestone. Although his name is not yet found inscribed on his statues, it is believed that he was known at Hatra by the name Malak or Malik, not dissimilar from the name Malqart by which Hercules was known at Tyre, where he was the most popular deity.

Hatra was ruled by its own kings as an autonomous city-state within the Parthian empire. One of its most famous rulers is King Sanatruq, who was so great a figure in the history of the city that Arab historians of the Abbasid times stated that every king at Hatra was known by the name "Satirun," which is obviously a corrupted form of the name Sanatruq.

The name of this king and that of his father, King Abd-Samya, occur in the Aramaic inscriptions discovered at Hatra. A life-size statue in marble, probably representing this very dignified king, was found in Temple X. just before the close of our last season. Instead of the typical Hatra crown found on the two kings discovered in the first season, an eagle stands over the bare head of Sanatruq, with outspread wings, very likely signifying conquest and triumph, if not deification through identification with Samya.

Other known kings in the ruling dynasty of Hatra are Uthal, whose magnificent statue is now on exhibition in the Mosul Museum; Wanuk, who was probably the originator of the laws of Hatra and whose statue was unfortunately much affected by moisture; and two others, Bar-Samya and Dhayzan, who are still only known to us through classical and Arab historical works.

Each of the last three seasons of excavations, 1952-54, lasted for about ten weeks, from the beginning of April to the middle of June. In the second season, a tower tomb, the northern city gate and two temples, the fourth and fifth in the sequence of the excavated temples at Hatra, were unearthed. Several trenches were also sunk in the south-western ruins of the city. With the exception of some architectural features observed elsewhere, the temples were the main focus of interest for the antiquities and inscriptions they produced. In the third season, Temples VI., VII. and VIII. were uncovered, while Temples IX. and X. were unearthed in the fourth season.

The seven temples of the three seasons resembled one another fairly closely in general plan; each comprised a long *ante-cella* and a small square *cella* opposite the main gate at the centre of the long side of the *ante-cella*. On one or both ends of the *ante-cella* are usually situated two small rooms, where originally some of the furniture of the temples was stored. (Figs. 1 and 2.)

Temple IV. is adjacent to Temple III. of the first season and similar to it in plan. Here several beautiful works of art were found, among which are a statue of a seated young lady (Fig. 7), a statue of a commander in the Army of Hatra (Fig. 3) and a fine mask of Medusa in copper (Fig. 10).

Temple V. is larger than the others. It has a courtyard flanked on its northern side by a number of *iwans* and on its southern side by a small shrine. Several rooms where the priests dwelt are clustered around this temple, forming a block of buildings which, together with the temple, could be considered as a cloister. This temple produced much remarkable cult statuary, including a unique figure in marble, which may represent the Assyrian chief god Assur, known at Hatra as Ashur-bel or merely as Bel (Figs. 5 and 6). He is in military dress. Tyche, the goddess of victory, and the symbol of Hatra, is at his feet, flanked on either side by an eagle, the eagle of Hatra, whose wings meet at the back. At his breast is the sun-god in relief, and the mask of Medusa is at his back.

Inside the *ante-cella* of Temple V. there were, among the large statues, two in fine marble representing the Princess Washfari (Fig. 4) and her daughter, Sunay. Both are remarkable examples of sculptures executed by artists of Hatra depicting the dignity, beauty, and wealth of the royal family. This temple had an imperial setting in the decoration of its facade and in its large lintel, which shows in relief the Parthian King of Kings in a ceremonial scene (Fig. 9).

[Continued overleaf.]

THE GREAT GOD BEL, A PRINCESS, AND A GENERAL: NEW-FOUND STATUARY FROM HATRA.

Continued from overleaf.

Temple VI., which is situated in the neighbourhood of the northern city gate, was dedicated to the worship of an unidentified deity and his spouse. The statues of both, in seated position, were uncovered near the main altar inside this temple. It is now well established that each of the unearthed temples was originally built for the worship of one god, alone or with his consort. Later, in the second century A.D., icons and images of other deities were placed in these temples in addition to the personal statues which were erected in memory of the notables. Temple VII. (Fig. 2) was dedicated to the worship of Hercules; the fragments of whose large statue in white marble were found lying on the floor of the *cella*. Beside Hercules a fine seated statue of his consort was discovered. There were in this building several cult objects in stone, among which a cylindrical case with a conical cover shows in relief one of the trials of Hercules, portraying his fight with a centaur. The last excavated building in the third season, 1953, was Temple VIII. (Fig. 1). It was originally for the worship of Samya, the eagle-god, whose relief was carved together with busts of notables and other deities on blocks forming an arch. Among the finds in this building was a beautiful altar in the form of a temple surrounded with columns, showing in relief decorations of

[Continued on opposite page.]

(LEFT) FIG. 3. A MILITARY COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF HATRA: A LIFE-SIZE STATUE IN LIMESTONE, SHOWING THE GENERAL IN MILITARY UNIFORM, HIS RIGHT HAND RAISED IN GREETING THE CHIEF GOD OF TEMPLE IV. (Metre scale.)

(RIGHT) FIG. 4. THE PRINCESS WASHFARI, DAUGHTER OF SANATRUQ, MOST RENOWNED OF THE KINGS OF HATRA. A LIFE-SIZE STATUE IN MOSUL MARBLE. FOUND IN TEMPLE V. AND CURIOUSLY INDIAN IN FEELING. (Metre scale.)



FIGS. 5 AND 6. PROBABLY THE PARAMOUNT ASSYRIAN GOD, KNOWN AT HATRA AS ASHUR-BEL, OR BEL: FRONT AND BACK VIEWS OF A MARBLE STATUE SHOWING THE BEARDED GOD, DRESSED AS A ROMAN EMPEROR. AT HIS FEET, TYCHE (FORTUNE); ON HIS BREAST, SHAMASH, THE SUN-GOD; ON HIS BACK, MEDUSA; ON EITHER SIDE, EAGLES. (Centimetre scale.)

WHERE EAST MET WEST: SCULPTURES FROM THE RICH TEMPLES OF HATRA.



FIG. 7. THE PRINCESS UBAL, DAUGHTER OF JABAL. THE INSCRIPTION RECORDS THAT SHE WAS KILLED AT THE AGE OF 18, AND THE STATUE RAISED BY HER HUSBAND. LIMESTONE. (Metre scale.)



FIG. 10. A MASK OF MEDUSA IN COPPER, FROM TEMPLE IV. THE INSCRIPTION IS IN ARAMAIC. SNAKES' HEADS PROTRUDE AT BROW-LEVEL, THE BODIES ENCIRCLING THE NECK. (Centimetre scale.)



FIG. 8. TWO VIEWS OF A MARBLE ALTAR IN THE FORM OF A TEMPLE. BETWEEN THE SQUARE COLUMNS ARE FOUR FIGURES, THE TWO SHOWN BEING FEMALE DEITIES, EACH HOLDING A CORNUCOPIA. (Centimetre scale.)



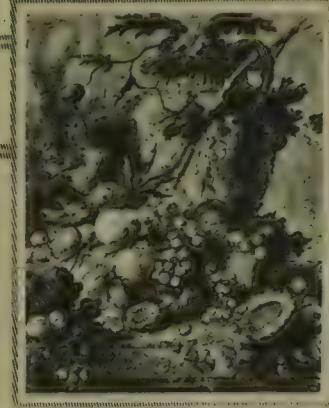
FIG. 9. THE LIMESTONE LINTEL OF TEMPLE V., SHOWING THE RECLINING KING OF KINGS, HOLDING A CHALICE, BETWEEN THE CROWN PRINCE AND A GUARDIAN DEITY. RIGHT AND LEFT ARE WINGED VICTORIES.



FIG. 11. FOUR OF FIFTEEN ALABASTER STATUETTES FOUND IN TEMPLE VIII. (CENTRE AND RIGHT) TWO BEARDED AND WINGED DEITIES, BEARING TORCHES AND WREATHS. (LEFT) A BEARDED GOD WITH A SPEAR AND A DAGGER, AND A YOUNG DEITY BELOW. (Centimetre scale.)

Continued. standards, and about fifteen small statuettes in alabaster, representing a pantheon of various deities (Fig. 11). One of the new discoveries made in the fourth season is a cache of three Latin inscriptions engraved on the stone pedestals of two cult statues and a fire altar, all deposited in Temple IX. by a commander of a Roman cohort posted at Hatra in about 240 A.D. These inscriptions may imply that Hatra at that time sought the help of the Romans against the advancing armies of the Sassanians, who put an end to Parthian rule in 226 A.D. and to Hatra itself in 240 A.D. Temple IX. was shared by the sun-god, Hercules, and Samya, the three patron deities of the Roman Army. The last Temple uncovered, which is the tenth in sequence of the excavated buildings, was originally built for the worship of an abstract deity called Alaha of whom no representation is known. In this temple the remarkable statue of Sanatruq was discovered. In conclusion, we are happy to announce that a large part of our operations next season will be conducted in the great central temple, which might be described as the acropolis of Hatra. The excavation of this impressive building was started in the last two weeks of the fourth season, when we uncovered the stepped platform on which this temple rises. It was with the specific object of studying the very difficult problems, connected with the preservation and restoration of the majestic ruins of this temple-palace complex, that we had the privilege of receiving a one-man U.N.E.S.C.O. mission in the person of the distinguished Professor Architect M. J. E. van der Haeghen, of Louvain University, Belgium, who spent a month with us at Hatra during the last season, studying the precarious condition of the still standing monuments. One earnestly hopes that something will be done urgently to save these unique monuments from being for ever lost to humanity.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



OWING, I suppose, to a whole season—spring, summer and autumn—of unspeakable weather, the yellow winter-flowering jasmine on the north wall of my house has been flowering madly for a couple of months or so. This is most tiresome and disappointing. The long, slender green branches, instead of being strung from end to end with prosperous yellowing buds, ready to open on the least provocation, either in the open or in water in the house, are now carrying nothing but silly little greenish stars, which are the calyxes from which the golden corollas have fallen weeks and weeks before their time. One of the greatest flower standbys of winter is thus lost. The crazy, rather vulgar, melodramatic antics of the climate during the last eight or nine months, especially the frequent spells of bogus winter, have thrown several other plants out of step. My bushes of both *Viburnum fragrans* and *V. bodnantense* usually give a few stray tufts of blossom during autumn and early winter, but this year they have been blossoming to such an extent that it looks as though there will be little left for the usual full spring display. Another shrub to become be-haywired is my Judas Tree, which produced quite a sprinkling of its flowers, like deep pink gorse, on its bare stems in mid-November.

One of the loveliest of all the jasmines is, unfortunately, not reliably hardy in all parts of the country. This is *Jasminum polyanthum*. A native of Yunnan, China, it was collected and introduced by Major Lawrence Johnston, of Hidcote Manor, Gloucestershire, when he was plant-collecting with George Forrest, and it was in his garden at Mentone that I first saw the plant at some time in the late 'thirties. Superficially, it resembles the common white jasmine, *Jasminum officinale*, with smaller, finer foliage, and rather smaller white blossoms, which are rosy-pink on the outside. The flowers are deliciously fragrant and are much more numerous than in *J. officinale*, as many as thirty or forty being carried on a single spray. *Jasminum polyanthum* is growing vigorously in Major Johnston's garden at Hidcote, where it is planted out in a lean-to greenhouse, which receives artificial heat in winter, and from which the front is removed for the summer. Unfortunately, when grown under glass in this country, the flowers lose their very attractive pink flush and become pure white; but they retain their glorious fragrance.

Jasminum polyanthum was first discovered by the French missionary, Père Delavay, in 1883, and George Forrest found it in 1906 in the Tali Valley and along Tali Range at an altitude of 5000 ft., though whether the plant got into cultivation through Forrest's discovery at that time seems to be uncertain. It was, I think, due to Major Johnston that *Jasminum polyanthum* really began to get distributed in gardens both on the Riviera and in this country.

As to its hardiness or otherwise, Bean says: "It must have wall protection in a climate like that at Kew, and is no doubt better suited for the south and west." I know of at least one garden in Cornwall where it grows well in the open air. A specimen in a pot came through last winter here in my unheated greenhouse in spite of some extremely cold spells, when soil in pots became frozen there. I have now planted it out in a bed at the foot of the back wall of the house, and next summer I intend to try an experiment. My idea is to remove a convenient pane of glass so that when the jasmine begins to grow really vigorously I can take its shoots through the opening and train them along the wall outside. After that the growth will spend its summers trained along the wall outside, and there flower in the full beauty

of rosy-tinged white blossoms. In autumn the growth will be thinned and pruned, and brought into the house for winter protection. As it will presumably be dormant at that time, it should be possible to curl the long shoots into a relatively small space, there to await spring, when they will be unfurled and conducted through the opening for their summer

long and stuck them into a pot of silver sand without fuss or ceremony, and had them rooted—under glass—in a few weeks.

What of the other jasmines? Bean describes a dozen species, a few of which I have met from time to time, but apart from the yellow winter-flowering jasmine, *Jasminum nudiflorum*, the Common White, *J. officinale*, and the lovely *J. polyanthum*, none of them have moved me to transports of admiration or covetousness.

Jasminum beesianum has smallish, rose-carmine flowers. It was introduced by Forrest from China in 1906. It does not seem to have made much progress in garden popularity. But a hybrid, *J. officinale* crossed with *J. beesianum*, raised in France by the firm of Lemoine, of Nancy, is a more attractive thing, with fragrant, pale pink flowers.

Jasminum primulinum is like the hardy winter-flowering *J. nudiflorum*, but larger in all its parts; but, except perhaps in the warm West, it requires greenhouse treatment.

Jasminum parkeri is a relative new comer. It was discovered in north-west India by Mr. R. N. Parker and introduced in 1923. It is a first-rate dwarf evergreen shrub for the rock-garden. A specimen growing in my son's Cotswold garden has formed a dense, green cushion, a couple of feet across, and no more than a foot high. Its flowers—in summer—are golden yellow, and superficially the plant rather suggests a dense forest of yellow winter jasmine, dwarfed and congested into cushion form. When I first saw a small specimen carrying three or four flowers I hoped for a larger, older specimen making a great show of dozens of golden blossoms, like a dwarfed, yellow winter jasmine. What a mistake it is to make mental pictures of what one thinks a new plant should develop into! *Jasminum parkeri*—here, at any rate—has remained disappointingly shy-flowering, and so for a time I came to the conclusion that it was rather a disappointingly silly little silly. Recently, however, I have given up blaming it for not conforming to what I had expected of it, poor mite, and find that it is a pleasant piece of dense evergreen for the rock-garden. In fact, quite a jolly little jolly.

It is worth noting that the form of the common white jasmine, known as *J. officinale* var. *affine*, is a finer thing than the common type. The flowers are larger, and the backs of the petals are flushed with pink. The form *J. o. aureum*, with leaves blotched with yellow, appeals to folk who like that sort of thing.

About a fortnight ago I cut flowers of *Helleborus corsicus* for the house. It meant, of course, sacrificing a whole head of flowers, including the great, spreading collar of holly-like leaves from among which they spring. But it was a worth-while sacrifice. When it was placed in a vase at eye-level, one could appreciate the blossoms as never before—large, rounded cups of pale apple-green, with a central circle of paler yellowish-green anthers.

But on their second day after gathering, the flowers all collapsed on their stems. However, I floated the whole thing, leaves, flowers and all, in a basin of water over-night, and that set them on their feet again. The flowers all stood up upon their pedicels as fresh and stiff as ever. Thus they lasted for two or three days, and had to be soaked and plumped up again. I brought home a root of this handsome species from

Corsica forty-five years ago, at which time it was practically if not entirely unknown in English gardens, but never once had I hit upon the idea of cutting it for the house. It is so easy to raise from seed, and so simple to grow, that it is well worth sacrificing a head or two to enjoy at close quarters in the house.



"ONE OF THE GREATEST FLOWER STAND-BYS OF WINTER": THE YELLOW JASMINE, *J. NUDIFLORUM*.

Although now for so long so popular, and indeed casual, a delight in English gardens, the Winter Jasmine is a relative new comer to this country, being introduced from China in 1844 by Fortune for the Horticultural Society. Its habit of layering itself at the slightest provocation has no doubt contributed to its rapid distribution among friends and neighbours.

Photographs by J. E. Downward.



THE NOT-QUITE-HARDY *JASMINUM POLYANTHUM* IN FULL FLOWER: "SUPERFICIALLY, IT RESEMBLES THE COMMON WHITE JASMINE, *JASMINUM OFFICINALE*, WITH SMALLER, FINER FOLIAGE, AND RATHER SMALLER WHITE BLOSSOMS, WHICH ARE ROSY-PINK ON THE OUTSIDE. THE FLOWERS ARE DELICIOUSLY FRAGRANT AND ARE MUCH MORE NUMEROUS THAN IN *J. OFFICINALE*, AS MANY AS THIRTY OR FORTY BEING CARRIED ON A SINGLE SPRAY."

outing and flowering. I am also starting a specimen in a pot, the idea being to train its growth round an arrangement of bamboos. Thus it can flower in the open and be carried under cover for winter protection. Last summer I put in a few cuttings, every one of which rooted in a very short time. I just took tips 3 or 4 ins.

EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS: FINE LANDSCAPES IN A CURRENT EXHIBITION.



"A VIEW OF LONDON FROM GREENWICH, 1835"; BY JOHN VARLEY, R.W.S. (1778-1842), A FOUNDATION MEMBER OF THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY. SIGNED AND DATED 1835. (5½ by 9 ins.)



"A VIEW OF ETON, 1805"; BY JOHN VARLEY, R.W.S. (1778-1842), A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THIS ARTIST, WHOSE TOPOGRAPHICAL ACCURACY IS MATCHED BY HIS SKILL. (7 by 10½ ins.)



"ALEXANDER VISITING DIOGENES"; BY JOHN MARTIN (1789-1854). SIGNED AND DATED 1832. THE FANTASTIC ARCHITECTURAL BACKGROUND IS CHARACTERISTIC OF HIS WORK. (9½ by 14½ ins.)



"ST. PAUL LANDING IN ITALY"; BY SAMUEL PALMER, R.W.S. (1805-1881). EXHIBITED AT THE OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY, 1850; AND AFTER HIS DEATH AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY IN 1881. PAINTED IN 1850. (21 by 29½ ins.)



"VIEW OF ROCKS AND TOWN OF DOMFRONT, NORMANDY, 1823"; BY JOHN SELL COTMAN (1782-1842). PRESIDENT OF THE NORWICH SOCIETY. SIGNED AND DATED 1823. (11½ by 16½ ins.)



"THE QUACK DOCTOR" 1866; BY JAMES GREEN, R.I. (1840-1898). SIGNED AND DATED 1866, AN ARTIST WHOSE EARLY WORK APPEARED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AND OTHER JOURNALS. (10½ by 16½ ins.)

An attractive and interesting exhibition of Early English Water-colours opened recently at the Leger Galleries, Old Bond Street, and will continue until January 15, 1955. Water-colour drawing is an essentially English form of pictorial art; and hundreds of small masterpieces, which combine topographical accuracy, pictorial beauty and skilful composition with a feeling for the natural beauties of the countryside, were produced by men working in that medium from the middle of the eighteenth century until late-Victorian times. After that period the art tended to decline and be despised as the amusement of elegant young ladies and dilettante travellers. With the advent of the camera, the number of weak amateur painters in water-colours was happily reduced, as it was easier to bring a roll of films back from a Continental tour than a portfolio of drawings; and the art of water-colour was restored to its proper position—as a medium particularly well-suited to the skilful painter for recording the quickly-changing effects of sunlight and shadow, rural

beauties and architectural views. The founders of the great English School of Water-colourists are generally considered to be Alexander Cozens and his son, John Robert, and their followers and successors include such famous names as Girtin, Varley, John Sell Cotman, James Holland, Thomas Rowlandson, Birket Foster, Pyne, Samuel Palmer, and many others. With the founding of the Old Water-colour Society, artists who favoured the medium had a more advantageous chance of showing their work, for the old Royal Academy rule that water-colours had to be exhibited together with oil paintings, framed in gold and without a mount, was a condition inclined to make painters turn out heavy, laboured drawings, which would have been better in oils. The current Leger Gallery exhibition contains attractive examples of the work of many of the best-known English water-colour painters. The earliest represented is Paul Sandby (1725-1809); and the latest include Whistler (1834-1903) and Green (1840-1898).

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE swamp rat and its varieties are found all over Africa south of the Cameroons, Abyssinia and Somaliland. It lives in the reed-beds and other water-side vegetation, on which it feeds. Its habits vary slightly according to the locality, but they can be summed up somewhat as follows. It nests among the vegetation, making a nest lined with grass cut up into small lengths, and moves about through tunnels in the damp and decaying vegetation at the bases of the tussocks. If it does inhabit a burrow it is usually one taken over from a crab or other animal, situated just above water-level. But it can burrow if necessary. Rather similarly, it does not readily take to water but can swim and dive well if driven to it. This last is usually interpreted as the consequence of crocodiles and other carnivores inhabiting the rivers. Another characteristic of the swamp rat is that it is not gregarious, but it may congregate at feeding-places. There are differences here from the habits of our water voles, but these are not as great as may appear. The water voles habitually burrow, but although they swim and dive well, there is the appearance that they prefer to use locomotion over land wherever possible. For example, on many occasions I have seen a water vole making its way under the overhang to a bank, miss its footing, fall into the water, swim a short way then scramble out and continue on land. It is not unreasonable to suggest that the swamp rat may have a similar aversion to taking to the water quite apart from any presence of crocodiles.

Our water voles are not gregarious and they also forgather on occasion. So far as I have been able to observe they do so daily and at a regular time each day, although this does not appear to be for feeding. While it is not possible to say why they do this, it could be for the same reasons as the swamp rats assemble; and it could be that the suggestion, in that case, that they do so to feed may be no more than an inspired guess. Taking everything together, then, there is as strong a similarity in the habits of the two as there is in their outward appearance, and our water vole could almost justifiably be called a swamp rat except that swamps are not so common with us. The one striking difference between the water vole and the swamp rat is that the former is not found far from water, whereas the swamp rat is sometimes found in dry ground far from the nearest water.

In order to appreciate fully the story of the swamp rats of Africa it is necessary to recall that two of the sub-families of rodents are the cricetines and the murines. The first includes the voles and mice of America and the voles of Europe. The murines include the old-world mice and true rats, so that to this sub-family belong our old friends the house mouse and the black and brown rats. Our largest native member of the cricetines, on the other hand, is the water vole, or water rat so-called. At first sight, the swamp rat of Africa, a true rat or murine, looks very like our water vole. Generally, voles (cricetines) are distinguished from true mice and rats (murines) by the blunter muzzle, smaller ears, smaller eyes and shorter tail. The swamp rat has, however, a blunter muzzle than most rats, the ears, although larger than those of a vole, appear smaller by being sunk in the fur. So we could go on, seeing in one character after another a resemblance to a vole while retaining a rat-like foundation, and giving an overall vole-like appearance.

SWAMP RATS OF AFRICA.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

When two animals belonging to distinct stocks, in this instance to separate sub-families, resemble each other in appearance and habits, we speak of a convergence. It is in some ways a misleading term.



COMMON IN AFRICA SOUTH OF A LINE FROM THE CAMEROONS TO SOMALILAND: THE SWAMP RAT, WHICH IS VERY LIKE THE EUROPEAN WATER VOLE IN APPEARANCE AND HAS A SIMILAR WAY OF LIFE. THIS CONVERGENCE IN FORM AND HABIT IS ACCCOMPANIED BY A SIMILARITY IN THE PATTERN OF THE CHEEK-TEETH WHICH APPEARS TO BE RELATED TO THEIR DIET OF TOUGH VEGETATION.



WITH WELL-GROWN YOUNG STILL BEING NURSED AND, OFTEN, TRANSPORTED AS WELL: A SWAMP RAT WITH ITS LITTER. THE LITTERS NUMBER THREE TO FIVE, AND SOON AFTER BIRTH THE YOUNG COMMENCE TO FEED AND REMAIN ATTACHED TO THE MOTHER'S NIPPLES EVEN WHEN NOT FEEDING.

Photographs by courtesy of l'Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo Belge.

More appropriately, perhaps, we should envisage the same conditions of the environment, demanding similarity of bodily form and habit. Whether we prefer to use the term convergence or not, there is an even more striking similarity between

these two rodents and the two living species of elephant.

The teeth of the swamp rat are remarkable for two things. The incisors are broader than in most rats and running down the face of each is a marked groove. It can only be supposed that this gives added strength by the two arches formed as a consequence on the cutting edge. There are no canines, as is usual in rodents, and the cheek-teeth are marked with a series of transverse grooves so that they look remarkably like the teeth of the Indian elephant in miniature. This pattern is unusual for a murine, the cheek-teeth being typically ornamented with cusps or tubercles. The elephant feeds on tough vegetation requiring the maximum grinding surface, and the same is true of the swamp rat, even if its food is smaller in dimensions. So we may suppose the swamp rat's strengthened incisors and its elephant-like cheek-teeth are related to feeding on tough, fibrous vegetation.

The water vole also has incisors and cheek-teeth, with the canines missing. The incisors are strong, but have no groove nor are they as broad as those of the swamp rat. The food is, however, tough vegetation and the cheek-teeth are not prismatic as in the typical cricetine. Instead, their surfaces are marked with a zig-zag series of lozenge-shaped ridges. The cheek-teeth of the African elephant are marked with lozenge-shaped ridges, in a straight line instead of zig-zag, otherwise one could say that the cheek-teeth of the water vole were almost perfect miniatures of those of the African elephant. It may be possible to stretch this comparison too far, but it is, nevertheless, a striking thing that two rodents and two large pachyderms, all feeding on tough vegetation, should show this convergence in the shape of the cheek-teeth.

A closer study of both water vole and swamp rat for purposes of comparison should be fruitful and illuminating, but as so often with common animals having no economic value, our knowledge of them is somewhat deficient.

A totally different piece of natural history is afforded by the swamp rat. It has been suggested that we may divide the life of an animal into two phases: the parasitic stage and the parasitized stage, represented by infancy and adulthood respectively. The parasitism may be benign and one that is readily tolerated, but this does not make it less a parasitism. In many rodents, and the swamp rat is one of them, this is brought out in a striking manner. The female swamp rat has litters of three to five. The first reaction on the part of the newly-born young is to seek the shelter of the mother's body and fasten on to a nipple. There they continue to hold even when not feeding. As they grow this habit continues with little variation, and the feeding position also becomes that of locomotion or, more properly, transport. If the mother leaves the nest to feed or to change to another nest, because of possible danger, she may be seen carrying one youngster in the mouth in the usual manner of retrieving, with one, two, or three half-grown young attached to the nipples and being dragged along. The burden does not seriously impede her progress

and does not appear to reduce her speed to any marked degree. In principle, of course, there is little difference between this and carrying the young pick-a-back, as in the opossum and koala, but it is more expressive of a parasitism.

DESIGNS FOR PEACE AND WAR: EXAMPLES OF MAN'S INGENUITY.



AN UNSEEN "EYE" TO CHECK THE SPEED OF MOTORISTS: A RADAR DEVICE SEEN DURING A RECENT DEMONSTRATION IN AUSTRALIA.

Motorists exceeding the speed limit in Australia may soon be trapped by this radar "eye." Our photograph shows Mr. H. Minnett (left centre), a principal research officer in the Radio Physics section of the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation (the designers), explaining the instrument to the Premier of New South Wales, Mr. J. J. Cahill, and the Commissioner of Police, Mr. C. J. Delaney.



LIFE ON THE PLANET CALLED EARTH IN 1954: GERMAN CIVIL DEFENCE WORKERS IN TRAINING AT BAD GODESBERG WEARING PROTECTIVE SUITS AND MASKS AGAINST RADIATION AND ARMED WITH INSTRUMENTS FOR MEASURING RADIOACTIVITY.



WITH THE ARMAMENT AND FUEL TANKS WHICH PROVIDE ITS PUNCH AND RANGE: THE THUNDERSTREAK.

Now based in this country at Bentwaters, in Suffolk, are United States Republic F84F Thunderstreak swept-wing fighter-bombers, which are claimed to be the fastest aircraft in squadron service with the U.S.A.F. Speaking at Bentwaters, near Woodbridge, on December 10, Brig.-General J. D. Stevenson,



TAKING OFF FROM THE R.A.F. AIRFIELD AT BENTWATERS: A THUNDERSTREAK FIGHTER-BOMBER.



FIRING ITS POWERFUL ROCKETS AT A GROUND TARGET: THE REPUBLIC F84F THUNDERSTREAK IN ACTION.

Commander of the U.S. 49th Air Division, said that "Each aircraft to be seen here to-day can carry a greater destructive punch to any one target than all the aircraft which were in these islands in the Second World War loaded with high-explosives."



SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW IN AUTOMATIC STEERING DEVICES: THE MARCONI MARTINET AUTOMATIC HELM-STEERER FITTED ON BOARD ELETTRA II.

This photograph shows the motor and relay unit of the Marconi *Martinet* on the deck below the wheel of the research vessel *Elettra II*, and the control unit on the port bulkhead. The captain, using the remote control, is bringing the vessel into her berth.



DESIGNED AND DEVELOPED BY THE U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS AND THE SPERRY GYROSCOPE COMPANY: A RADAR DEVICE FOR USE IN GROUND COMBAT TO DETECT AND TRACK DOWN THE SOURCE OF ENEMY MORTAR FIRE, SEEN IN KOREA.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT A LAUNCHING SITE AT LORTON, IN VIRGINIA, U.S.A.: A BATTERY OF FOUR NIKE GUIDED MISSILES BEING RAISED TO THEIR VERTICAL FIRING POSITION DURING A RECENT DEMONSTRATION.

ANIMAL, VEGETABLE AND MINERAL: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



A NEW BRITISH ROAD-SAFETY DEVICE: REFLECTORS, CALLED "BLINKERS," SET INTO THE KERB; THE RUBBER PADS IN THE ROAD WORK A DEVICE FOR CLEANING THE REFLECTORS. A London firm has produced some self-cleaning kerbside reflectors which have been tested on a stretch of the Great North Road. When vehicles pass over the rubber pads, compressed air is forced down tubes under the road which work wipers across the face of the reflectors.



AN UNUSUAL EXHIBIT AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW HELD AT EARLS COURT FROM DECEMBER 6-10: A HOUSE BUILT FROM 300 DIFFERENT KINDS OF SEED AND ROOFED BY SUSSEX THATCHERS.



PREPARING TO DREAM ABOUT A SUNNY CHRISTMAS: AN ORIBI FROM NIGERIA KEEPING WARM BENEATH A SPECIAL HEATING LAMP IN HIS QUARTERS AT THE LONDON ZOO IN REGENT'S PARK.



WHAT APPEARS TO BE A DUEL À L'OUTRANCE: PELICANS AT THE LONDON ZOO IN A PLAYFUL CLASH OF BEAKS, IN WHICH ONE HAS MANAGED TO GET HIS NECK CAUGHT IN AN APPARENT STRANGLE-HOLD. A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH HAS A STRANGELY HERALDIC FLAVOUR.



VENEZUELA'S LATEST DESTROYERS, ZULIA (RIGHT) AND NUEVA ESPARTA, BOTH BUILT AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS BY VICKERS ARMSTRONGS, DURING RECENT INSPECTION CEREMONIES AT LA GUAIRA. THEY ARE SISTER-SHIPS OF 2600 TONS.



AN EXPERIMENTAL TWO-MAN SUBMARINE UNDERGOING TANK TESTS AT AZUSA, CALIFORNIA. IT IS INTENDED FOR MARINE RESEARCH AND UNDER-WATER PHOTOGRAPHY AND ITS MOTIVE POWER IS SUPPLIED BY FOOT PEDALS. IT IS CALLED THE MINISUB.

A STORM-CENTRE OF THE CHINA COAST "LITTLE WAR": THE TACHEN ISLANDS.



A NATIONALIST CHINESE ARMED JUNK OFF LOWER TACHEN, ONE OF THE NATIONALIST-HELD TACHEN GROUP OF ISLANDS ABOUT 200 MILES NORTH OF FORMOSA.



NATIONALIST TROOPS IN ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE TACHEN GROUP BUILDING AIR-RAID SHELTERS. THE ISLANDS HAVE BEEN BOMBED ON A NUMBER OF OCCASIONS.



A GROUP OF NATIONALIST CHINESE TROOPS TAKING PART IN A TRAINING EXERCISE ON UPPER TACHEN ISLAND, WHICH LIES ABOUT 14 MILES FROM THE COMMUNIST-HELD MAINLAND.



FIRING A ROUND FROM A MORTAR DURING TRAINING EXERCISE IN THE TACHEN ISLANDS. THE "LITTLE WAR" OFF THE CHINA COAST SEEMS DESIGNED TO TEST WORLD OPINION.



WOMEN MEMBERS OF THE NATIONALIST CHINESE FORCES, LISTENING TO A TRAINING LECTURE ON NANCHI-SHAN ISLAND, WHICH LIES BETWEEN FORMOSA AND THE TACHENS.

These photographs, with one exception, were taken in a Nationalist-held group of islands, the Tachen group, about 14 miles off the mainland, not far from Wenchow and about 200 miles north of Formosa. They have in the last few months become centres of activity between the forces of the Chinese Communists and the Chinese Nationalists, in the outbreak of fighting off the China coast, which seems to have been designed, or used, by both sides to test world reaction. It was in mid-September that the Communists were reported to be conducting air reconnaissance of this group. On October 18 it was stated that the



A CONCRETE PILL-BOX, WITH ROCK-CAMOUFLAGED ROOF, COVERING ONE OF THE SEA-APPROACHES TO THE TACHEN ISLANDS, WITH A NATIONALIST SOLDIER ON GUARD.

Communists had shelled Yikiangshan Island, about eight miles north of the main island of the Tachens. On November 1 it was reported thirty-three Chinese Communist aircraft took part in a raid on the Tachen group and dropped a total of about forty bombs, and the Nationalists claimed that they had shot down one Communist aircraft. On November 21 Nationalist aircraft bombed invasion-preparation points on the Taienao Islands and the same day the Communists bombed Pishan Island, south-east of Tachen. On November 26 activity shifted somewhat southwards to Wuchiu Island, near the Matsu Group.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HANDS ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

HANDS across the Channel! Here, again, is the French dramatist, Jean Anouilh. We had thought him out of fashion; but, clearly, it was a short siesta. He is back, as fresh (so his admirers like to feel) as a daisy—or must we say *une pâquerette*?—with a comedy in performance at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and his new Joan of Arc play promised for the spring. We have taken some time to catch up with "Time Remembered" (produced in Paris fifteen years ago as "Léocadia"), but maybe it is never too late for these rings around the moon.

"Time Remembered," one of the *pièces roses*, reached us first, a few months ago, on sound-radio. The performance in some ways was happier than that at Hammersmith, possibly because in this sort of fantasy it is good to set the scene ourselves, to create the personages in the mind's eye. The Duchess, as she rose in my imagination aided by the voice of Gladys Young, was very different from the lovable flutter-eccentric of Margaret Rutherford. Decorative though Peter Rice's settings are, I had visualised something remoter and stranger for that Breton estate. We should have felt, I think, that "the wild woods of Broceliande" were not far away. As it was, I left the Lyric, feeling—even more surely than after the radio production—that I had had a surfeit of chocolate-cream, sticky and cloying. Again the play disappointed, though I tried hard to excite myself by supplying the note of genuine strangeness and expectancy that Anouilh had left out.

I should explain that it is a fantasy about a young Prince still infatuated by his memory of the dead ballet-dancer Léocadia. She had been, we gather, a dreary creature who had strangled herself with her own scarf—Margaret Rutherford gives a nice idea of

That is a cliché simple enough to strike off; most people must have thought of it while they watched Mary Ure, the grave and enchanting Amanda in Wonderland, as she moved round the exhibits on the estate, considered the Duchess—who had the Rutherford touch of the White Queen—and met the Prince, oddest exhibit of all. Mary Ure has quite uncommon sensibility and grace; beauty is united with intelligence. Earlier I had met her twice: once, more than three years ago, during the production of the York Mysteries

the evening might be decorative but faint (something I appear to have said already in this article). The first act was doubtful. Here were Comte and Comtesse on the day of their marriage. Here was a messenger from Paris to announce the Comte's appointment as a General and to order him to the wars in Bavaria. And here was the Maréchal (Basil Sydney), who had arranged the business, hastening from Paris to steal a night with the Comtesse. It looked as if it might

be a very long and trivial evening. But the author, Hugh Mills, had been winding up the watch of his wit (as a rather better dramatist puts it), and by-and-by it struck. The second and third acts, a farrago of druggings, disguises, and mistaken identity, proved to be very funny in their mechanical fashion, though Mr. Mills's invention was stronger than his wit.

In this piece the element of surprise is everything. I cannot do more than indicate the ease and charm with which Kay Hammond and John Clements act parts they could manage on their heads, Howieson Culff's poise in ten minutes towards the end, and the gusty delight with which George Relph, who begins as a poetic Abbé, suddenly turns himself—by his own contrivance—into a temporary General. He will also turn into a Bishop, but that is outside the play; and, incidentally, it is a mark against the piece that, with the exception

of Mr. Relph, we have no wish to follow any of these people after curtain-fall. Nevertheless, for two good acts, some elegant performances, and the Zinkeisen sets, let us be grateful.

It is harder to be grateful to the sponsors of "Accounting for Love." This has brought to the Saville a painstaking version of an old-fashioned



"A PAINSTAKING VERSION OF AN OLD-FASHIONED FRENCH COMEDY WHICH TOOK THREE DRAMATISTS TO COMPOSE IT": "ACCOUNTING FOR LOVE" (SAVILLE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) MME. DE TREVILLAC (MARY CLARE), VALENTIN LE BARROVER (PER AABEL), ANDRÉ DUCHAMBRE (LESLIE PHILLIPS), HELEN DE TREVILLAC (DOROTHY GORDON) AND COUNT D'EGUZON (FREDERICK LEISTER). THE DISTINGUISHED NORWEGIAN ACTOR, PER AABEL, IS APPEARING BY PERMISSION OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE, OSLO.

before St. Mary's Abbey, when—a schoolgirl still—she spoke the lines of the Virgin Mary: then in a London theatre this summer when, with Diana Wynyard and Michael Benthall, I was on the judges' panel at the matinée of the Central School of Speech and Drama. Mary Ure received the Sybil Thorndike Prize (the special award for an actress). Now, at Hammersmith, the butterfly is out of the chrysalis—a poor image, because Mary Ure is destined for more than a butterfly-life in our theatre.

As Amanda she keeps the stage for almost the entire evening. Paul Scofield, except for a moment on and off a bicycle, does not arrive until the second act as the doleful Albert. It is a soggy part. Though he plays it with his sombre-romantic command—and none could do it better—he must look back wistfully on his months in "A Question of Fact." Margaret Rutherford, as I have said, is the Duchess of Pont-Au-Bronc, or should we hold that the Duchess of Pont-Au-Bronc is Margaret Rutherford? If we insist upon the Wonderland analogy, she is reasonably cast. She flickers about like a coloured balloon in the light evening airs: beneath her the slithy toves are gimbling. But if we look for some deeper feeling, for the mind to be caught as it is in, say, "Dear Brutus," when the curtain is pulled aside and Lob's Wood stands beyond it, then this performance is unhelpful. Still, I am asking, no doubt, for a quality that is not inherent in the script, something that I may have conjured when the play was broadcast. The truth is, I fear, that for all its intermittent and pleasant whimsicalities, and for the occasional unexpected line ("Are you a man or a mouse?" says the Duchess to Lord Hector, and "A mouse" he replies meekly), the play is as tenuous in the memory as morning haze.

Although "The Little Glass Clock" (Aldwych) does not come from Paris, it is set at least in a French château during the middle of the eighteenth century. On observing this I sighed glumly. There are few fresh tricks in costume comedy, and it seemed that



"IN TRANQUILLITY WE MAY REMEMBER IT MERELY FOR A BEAUTIFUL PERFORMANCE BY A NEW ACTRESS": MARY URE, AS AMANDA, WITH GEOFFREY DUNN, AS THE HEAD WAITER, IN "TIME REMEMBERED," A ROMANTIC COMEDY BY ANOUILH, ADAPTED AND TRANSLATED BY PATRICIA MOYES.



"CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO THE SEA?": AMANDA (MARY URE) SPEAKS TO THE PRINCE (PAUL SCOFIELD) WHILE THE DUCHESS (MARGARET RUTHERFORD) LISTENS ANXIOUSLY IN A SCENE FROM "TIME REMEMBERED" AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

the throttling, and I would like to see Beatrice Lillie trying it—but for the sombre Prince she remains all the world, and more. His aunt seeks to feed his passion by bringing to the Breton estate all the "properties" of the three-days affair with Léocadia: a taxi-cab, an ice-cream cart, a sham-Viennese night-club where they danced, an inn where they drank lemonade. For artistic verisimilitude she even hires a young midinette who, apparently, is Léocadia's image; the poor girl must be trained to blink, to nibble orchids, and to behave as the trying original used to behave in life. There is no reason to go into what happens after Prince and impostor meet. It grows tedious, and it was saved at Hammersmith mainly by its playing, by the rising of a new star.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ACCOUNTING FOR LOVE" (Saville).—This English version (by Henry Hewes) of a French comedy, *La Belle Aventure*, is a dragging affair that, surprisingly, employs the thistledown good-humour of Per Aabel, an actor from the National Theatre, Oslo. It is Norway to the rescue; and Per Aabel's comic resource is the night's one salvation. Alas, he does not appear in the second of the three acts. (December 1-11.)

"TIME REMEMBERED" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—One of Anouilh's *pièces roses*, this is a mild fantasy, adapted by Patricia Moyes, about a Prince haunted by the memory of his dead love. (She was a ballet-dancer who could look at times like a demented small dog.) There is some whimsical comedy when a puzzled young milliner is hired to represent the lost Léocadia: there she is, bewildered, among the settings—night-club, inn, and so forth—of the original three-days romance. All have been transferred to a remote Breton estate; it is poor Amanda's duty to play up to them. The comedy becomes faint: in tranquillity we may remember it merely for a beautiful performance by a new actress, Mary Ure. She has Margaret Rutherford and Paul Scofield as her seasoned co-leads, and William Chappell has produced. (December 2.)

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" (Covington Garden).—A delighted reception for Sir William Walton's opera, with its Christopher Hassall libretto. (December 3.)

"THE LITTLE GLASS CLOCK" (Aldwych).—What happens when a new-married Comte and Comtesse, with a Maréchal, a Général, an Abbé, a Cardinal, and even King Louis XV, himself, twist and twine through the setting of an eighteenth-century French château. This is box-of-tricks comedy (a nicely gilded box) which Kay Hammond, John Clements, George Relph, and others can manipulate with style and spirit once the exposition is over. (December 3.)

French comedy which took three dramatists to compose it. We are glad, at any rate, to meet the Norwegian actor, Per Aabel. He presents a teasingly precise fellow with a mind on lists and time-tables, and with what used to be called an inferiority complex (the phrase seems, happily, to be out of fashion). His bride-to-be abandons him a few minutes before the wedding; but the bridegroom goes down to Perigord after her and is extremely funny when stung by a wasp. A curious summary of the plot? Agreed; but, believe me, it is a curious play. Only Mr. Aabel's insinuating sense of comedy keeps our minds from wandering off the point. I would call the evening decorative but tenuous, were it not that I seem to have dealt the card before. Twice before: it has been that kind of week.



NOT A GROTESQUE BALLET OF THE UNDERWATER DEPTHS ; BUT TWO TECHNICIANS, IN FROGMEN'S KITS, TAKING A FLOODLIGHT DOWN TO ILLUMINATE THE CORAL REEFS.



THE HEROINE OF THE FILM "UNDER THE CARIBBEAN" : MRS. LOTTE HASS, THE WIFE OF THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, SOME 60 FT. BELOW THE SURFACE.



RELAXATION ON THE OCEAN BED : TWO OF THE DIVERS RECLINING AMONG THE CORAL, AFTER COLLECTING SPECIMENS. IN THIS FILM UNDERWATER CONVERSATIONS ARE RECORDED.



HANS HASS, THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, SHOWING HOW HE CAN EMPTY HIS MASK IF WATER GETS IN... THE NOSE-CLIPS ARE WORN TO EQUALISE PRESSURE.



A WOMAN AGAINST THE GREAT SPERM WHALE : A UNIQUE AND FANTASTIC SHOT, SHOWING MRS. LOTTE HASS, WITH SPEAR IN HAND, HOLDING THE CAUDAL FIN OF A SPERM WHALE.



MRS. HASS APPROACHING THE MOUTH OF A DYING SPERM WHALE, WHOSE GREAT TEETH CAN BE SEEN. IN THE FILM THE CREAKING VOICE OF THE WHALE WAS RECORDED.

"UNDER THE CARIBBEAN" : UNDERWATER SCENES OF THE MAKING OF A FILM, AND UNIQUE SHOTS OF THE SPERM WHALE.

These remarkable photographs were taken during the making of a colour film entitled "Under the Caribbean," which was recently presented at the Empire Cinema in London. The film is a Hans Hass production in colour by Technicolor, with photography by Irmens Tschet, Jimmy Hodges and Hans Hass, and with music by Arthur Benjamin. The company was based on a sailing-ship, *Xarifa*, and most of the shooting was done, as the title implies, in Caribbean waters, although visits were also paid to the neighbourhood of the Galapagos and the Cocos Islands. The underwater photography is in colour and scenes of remarkable beauty are revealed by the use of floodlights at great depths. For the first time, it is believed,

underwater dialogue was recorded. The divers speak into their masks, and although the sound is altered, it is, nevertheless, intelligible. In this way also, the voice of the sperm whale, the largest of the toothed whales, was recorded beneath the sea near the Cocos Islands, and revealed to be "like a creaking door." During the making of the film near the Cocos Islands, Mrs. Lotte Hass was at one time in great danger, when the divers were among tiger and hammerhead sharks and sperm whales were close by, and in the excitement of recording the whales, Mrs. Hass, exhausted, could hardly hold off the sharks before she was rescued by her husband. The film makes a strong impression of courage and good humour.



THE KOETSER "MADONNA AND CHILD WITH AN ANGEL"; BY FRANCESCO FRANCIA (1450?-1517), WHICH THE OWNER CLAIMS TO BE THE ORIGINAL VERSION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY PAINTING OF THE SAME SUBJECT.

Mr. Leonard F. Koetser, a London art dealer, purchased, for 6000 guineas, the painting reproduced on this page (oil on panel; 17½ by 22½ ins.), "Madonna and Child with An Angel," by Francesco Francia (1450?-1517), at Christie's on June 18, in the sale of paintings from the collection of Colonel the Hon. Thomas G. Morgan Grenville, which formed part of the collection of the 2nd Marquess of Breadalbane

at Taymouth Castle. It was previously in the collection of Allessandro Palazi. He has put forward the claim that it is the original of the painting of the same subject, by the same artist, in the National Gallery, which we reproduce on our facing page. The National Gallery are, it is understood, investigating this claim, which Mr. Koetser states, has the support of some experts.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY "MADONNA AND CHILD WITH AN ANGEL"; BY FRANCESCO FRANCIA (1450?-1517)—A PAINTING WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION.

This painting in oil on wood, by Francesco Francia (1450?-1517), School of Bologna, is inscribed on the balustrade in almost erased letters, "Opus Francisci Avrificis MCCCCCLXXXII," which makes it his earliest dated work. It was formerly in the Spithöver-Haas Collection, Rome; and formed part of the Mond Collection

from 1893 until it was included in the Mond Bequest to the National Gallery in 1924. It is in oil on a wood panel [17½ by 23 ins.]. Mr. L. Koetsier, an art dealer who purchased the painting of an identical subject by Francesco Francia at Christie's last June, claims that this is the original version.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SOME DEVONSHIRE COLLECTION PICTURES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

CHATSWORTH has been much in the news in recent months, for there was a real danger at one period that the collection of works of art—the last great seventeenth- and eighteenth-century accumulation to remain intact in private hands in these islands—would be dispersed. Many of us, whatever our views as to the virtue or otherwise of Death Duties, regarded this possibility with more than ordinary distaste, for the great house and its contents have long been available to thousands of visitors every year and have indeed been looked upon with peculiar pride by people in the north who, while not invariably sensitive to the more recondite items in the collection, have always derived extraordinary pleasure from the mansion and gardens in their incomparable setting.

Fifty of the Chatsworth pictures are now to be seen at the City Art Gallery, Leeds, some of them famous, others by minor masters and comparatively little known. If you are interested in painting at all you will probably find it difficult to decide whether it is more fun to see these fifty pictures in the building which has been their home for the past 200 or 300 years or in the impersonal surroundings of a municipal picture gallery; one thing is certain—at Leeds they can be studied to perfection and in perfect conditions of lighting, whereas at Chatsworth some are only semi-visible and the eye is liable to be distracted by the architectural splendours which surround them. The present Duke, in a graceful little speech as he opened the exhibition, said he wanted everyone to share his pleasure in the collection—a sentiment which possibly surprised three of his ancestors who were looking down upon him from the walls in paintings by Batoni, Ramsay and Reynolds, not because they would have grudged the public this opportunity, but because it would scarcely have occurred to an eighteenth-century grandee that you and I would think so highly of paintings acquired rather casually as furnishings for the house rather than as objects of interest in themselves.

As the Keeper of the Devonshire collections shrewdly points out in his introduction to the

eye upon the cash-box; if he needed any money for himself he used to hatch a plot with his clients, so that they would pay him a little over the published price. An absurd and undignified story about a man who was by no means a genius but a genuinely good second-rater, yet somehow, remembering it, one takes a second glance at this Chatsworth example, and notes with what serene confidence it must have been painted, uninterrupted by knocks from the room beneath.

But how one is tempted to drift round such a show as this, gossiping and speculating! Was the portrait of a rather sad young woman really by Velasquez or by that great man's son-in-law, Del Mazo? Was Rubens or Van Dyck responsible for the portrait of the daughter of Philip II. of Spain, Donna Isabella, Regent of the Netherlands, of which there are many versions? Modern criticism says Rubens. Would Lely have become a kind of Anglo-Flemish Poussin if left to himself with an assured income and not compelled to paint portraits? His "Europa and the Bull," illustrated on this page, is a finely romantic picture from the brush of a man whom we are wont to regard as a gifted and highly fashionable portrait painter, and the painting of the centre portion (the bull and the girl herself) is particularly enchanting. Not far from it is the famous Poussin, "Et in Arcadia Ego"—no doubt who is the greater and the graver master, but none the less there is a bond between them, and Lely stands up to so severe a test uncommonly well.

Then there is that very minor Dutch master, Hendrik Pot (c.1585-1657), to whom a small church interior is attributed, presumably because no one can think of a more likely name. When it belonged to Lord Burlington at Chiswick it was called a Van Dyck. What do we know of Pot? A minor "gay-life painter" who came over to England in 1631 and actually painted Charles I., Queen Henrietta-Maria and the Prince of Wales; the group is in the Buckingham Palace collection. Many have wondered how this obscure man can have received an invitation to the English Court; it has been suggested that he owed this to Rubens, who was over here in the previous year. He also did a small full-length of Charles I., now in the Louvre, which is unforgettable because it shows the King as a very ordinary little man indeed, in sharp distinction to the elegant fairy prince of the Van Dyck legend. Perhaps for that very reason Pot did not stay long with us.



"EUROPA AND THE BULL"; BY SIR PETER LELY (1618-1680).
(48 by 52 ins.)

This is "a finely romantic picture from the brush of a man whom we are wont to regard as a gifted and highly fashionable portrait painter, and the painting of the centre portion (the bull and the girl herself) is particularly enchanting," writes Frank Davis.

Romanising Dutchmen—by which I mean Dutch painters who, instead of concentrating upon the scenes of their homeland, either went to Rome and painted Italian subjects or stayed in Holland and worked up Italianate scenes from prints—have always been looked at askance by Dutch art historians as if there was something disgraceful in being influenced by foreigners. We have not yet looked down our noses at any Norwich school painter because of the debt he owes to the Dutch, nor do we think less of Gainsborough for the same reason, while the French are as proud of both Claude and Poussin as if they had not spent their lives in Rome. Such a man was Nicholas Berchem (1620-1683), who is represented by a delightful landscape—a river, with the Castle of Brederode on the opposite bank—a Dutch scene with an Italianate feeling, a style which was greatly to the taste of his contemporaries and indeed to the eighteenth-century Englishman. Few great houses were without one at least of his compositions, and it is a mystery of social history that for many years past his work has been very little appreciated. He is by no means a mere imitator of other men, but has a distinct personality of his own—both as a painter (which is the main thing) and also as a person, for he was that rare phenomenon, a laughing philosopher. He seems to have enjoyed painting more than anything in the world, and invariably sang at his work; by some mischance, or maybe sheer good-natured carelessness, he had acquired a shrewish wife who, whenever silence fell in his studio, would knock on the ceiling from the room below to urge him on again. She couldn't bear to have him idle for a moment, and kept a gimlet



"PORTRAIT OF A SCULPTOR"; BY SIR PETER LELY (1618-1680). (40 by 32½ ins.)

This is a fine example of the work of Sir Peter Lely as a portraitist. It was on loan to the Birmingham City Gallery from 1948-49.

Illustrations by courtesy of the Trustees of the Chatsworth Settlement.

catalogue, "The owners of such collections in the eighteenth century, when it is safe to say that the great majority of the pictures included in the present exhibition were acquired, had such a multitude of diverse interests and possessions that they were but rarely able to focus their attention upon particular paintings. Rather their pictures were simply decorative features in their whole vast and splendid background. Their main interest was in the present, not the past, and they had

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A gift that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice when considering the shopping list for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1955 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas.

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"THOMAS KILLIGREW" (1611-1682); BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641).
(40 by 33 ins.)

The subject of this fine Van Dyck portrait was the dramatist and famous wit, whom Pepys called "a merry droll but a gentleman of great esteem with the King." He remained faithful to Charles I. and was a favourite of Charles II. He is buried in Westminster Abbey.

With another painting, the landscape by Thomas Patch, there's no speculation required—here is Florence somewhere about the 1760's by the Englishman who is remembered best by several caricature paintings of English visitors to Rome where, I believe, he lived most of his days, but who deserves a somewhat higher place in the painters' hierarchy if this very large river landscape can be taken as any criterion of his quality.



"SUSANNAH LOVE, WIFE OF FRANCIS BECKFORD"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792). (30 by 25 ins.)



"KITTY FISHER"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792), A CHARMING WORK ORIGINALLY IN THE THIOMOND COLLECTION. (39 by 30½ ins.)



"MISS HESTER THRALE (QUEENEY)"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792), ELDEST DAUGHTER OF HENRY THRALE, CALLED "QUEENEY" BY DR. JOHNSON. (30 by 25 ins.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788), A PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE LANDSCAPE BY THE GREAT PORTRAIT PAINTER, DATING FROM C. 1775. (38½ by 49½ ins.)



"ANTONELLO, PRINCE OF SALERNO, DISGUISED AS A SHEPHERD"; BY GIROLAMO SAVOLDO (c. 1480-1548), FORMERLY ATTRIBUTED TO GIORGIONE. (Panel; 19 by 14½ ins.)



"HEAD OF A MONK"; BY TITIAN (c. 1485-1576), FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR ROBERT PRICE, BART. (26 by 22½ ins.)



"INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE"; BY NICHOLAS MAES (1632-1693). SIGNED. (Panel; 12½ by 10½ ins.)



"SUPPOSED PORTAIT OF LUIGI GONZAGA"; BY ANGELO BRONZINO (1502-1572). (Panel; 30 by 23 ins.)

SELECTED PAINTINGS FROM THE FAMED LANSDOWNE COLLECTION: LENT FOR EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

A selection of paintings from the Lansdowne Collection, generously lent by the Marquess of Lansdowne and Baroness Nairne for exhibition in aid of the Royal National Institute for the Blind, is on view at Agnew's Old Bond Street Galleries until January 29, 1955. Though the virtual founder of the collection was William Fitzmaurice, second Earl of Shelburne and first Marquess of Lansdowne, it is, as at present constituted, mainly due to the activity of Henry, the third Lord Lansdowne.

He was a man of wide culture, whose taste, though that of a collector of his day, was wide enough to lead him to patronise Bonington, Millais and Watts. The collection was later enriched. The fourth Lord Lansdowne's marriage to Baroness Nairne (daughter of Baroness Nairne, a peeress in her own right, and her husband, the Comte de Flahaut) introduced paintings by Gainsborough and Reynolds of the Thrales, and a Zoffany of Mrs. Salusbury, mother of Mrs. Thrale.

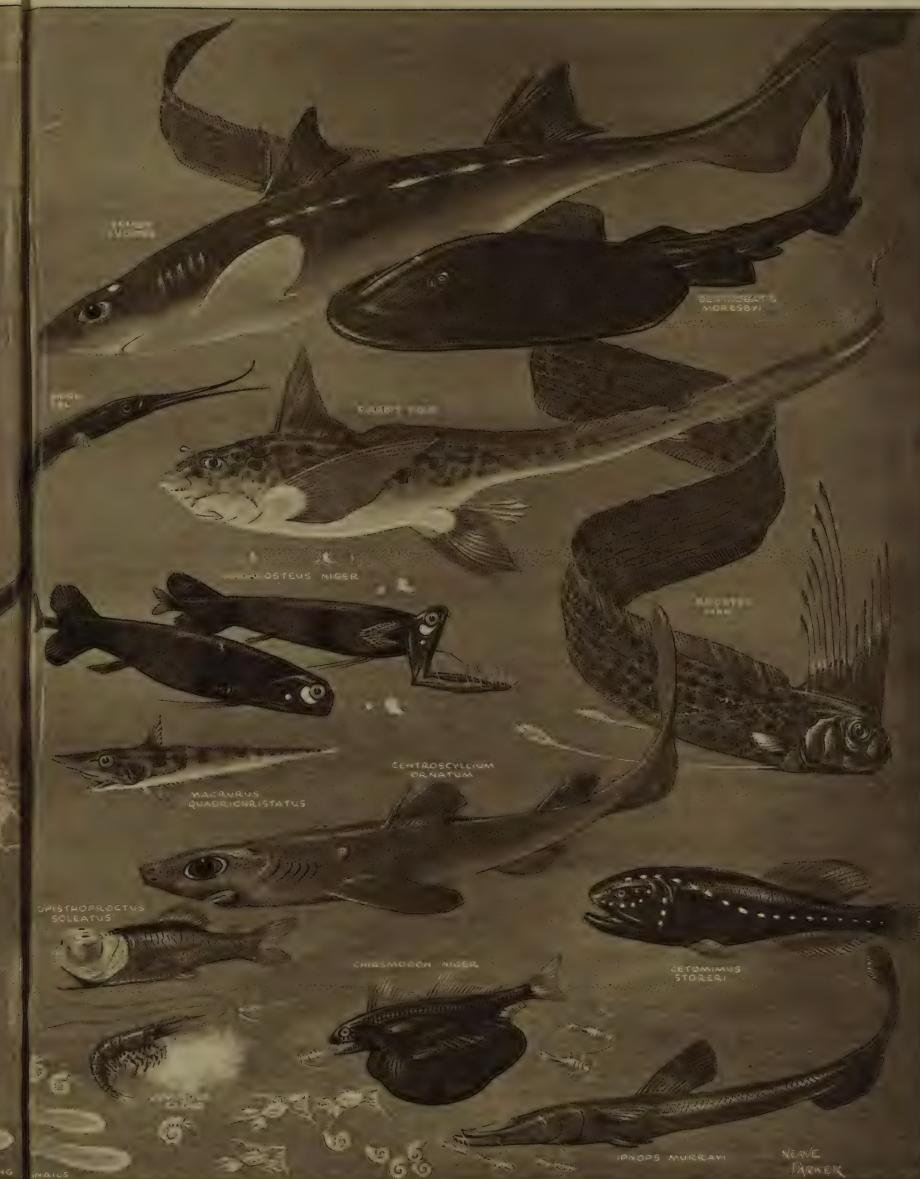


A SEARCHLIGHT ON THE DEEP: SOME OF THE ABYSSAL UNDERSEA STARS WHICH RESOLVE INTO WEBS

Now that man has conquered so many heights he is turning his attention more and more to the conquest of the depths. Here, however, the physical obstacles are far greater. Even for animals not dependent upon free oxygen we may assume, merely from the peculiarities of their structure, that living conditions are vastly different from those in the deepest coastal waters. This drawing, by our Special Artist, shows some of the forms of life that are likely to encounter as he descends into the depths of the ocean. In the diagram it was not able to reach these enormous depths he would only see the stars and points of light (shown in our drawing in white), but if he was able to sink on a powerful gear-shuttle, these lights would

resolves themselves into the weird outlines of fishes, some of which can be seen here. Marine fishes may be roughly divided into coastal and oceanic fishes. The latter include those living in the open sea where the bottom is over 100 fathoms below the surface. Oceanic fishes are further sub-divided into three groups: pelagic, bathypelagic and abyssal. The pelagic fishes are those living in the surface waters down to 100 fathoms. The bathypelagic fishes are those living in the deep waters down to 1,000 fathoms. The abyssal fishes are those found at the bottom in the great depths of the ocean. The sub-division is, as usual, no more than a rough approximation. The ways of living in the great depths are, of course, something

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER



ND WONDERFUL FISH WHEN THE INKY-BLACK DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN ARE PENETRATED BY LIGHT

of a closed book, and such knowledge as we have is mainly derived from animals brought to the surface by nets and long lines. Sufficient is known, however, to suggest that the extraordinary structural modifications seen in such animals must be correlated with special physical conditions, and especially the absence of light. Some of these deep-sea fishes appear to be able to emit light without special luminous organs, possibly by virtue of colonies of luminous bacteria on the skin or in the alimentary tract. In others, however, there are special luminous organs, and in these there are special luminous organs, or photophores, distributed in various ways over the head and body, often in rows along the sides, so that in the total darkness

of the deep waters a fish would have the appearance of a row of pointlike lights no more. The shark, *Spinax lusifer*, emits a greenish glow from small light organs grouped all over the body. Some species of deep-sea fishes have very small eyes or, like *Ipnotus murrayi*, are completely blind. They have no photophores; whereas deep-sea fishes tend to be uniformly black, those with minute eyes or not at all are colourless or have the colours more commonly associated with coast fishes. Another group of the benthos consists of deep-sea fishes which have often associated with special feeders and antarctic stomachs. One of the well-known of the denizens is *Chiasmodon niger*, which can swallow victims larger than itself.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

EVERY occasionally, the reviewer has an easy job; there can be only one opinion, and therefore all that is required of him, or even possible, is to say the same as everyone else. "The Corner-Stone," by Zoé Oldenbourg (Gollancz; 15s.), has this unquestionable shape. It is not even a bolt from the blue; it is a sequel to "The World is Not Enough," which had the same superb and overweening qualities, and won identically the same triumph. This immense pageant of medieval life and manners under Philip the Fair is, just as everybody says, one of the most brilliant of historical novels—perhaps, in some ways, richest of them all—and even scorers of the genre have to bow down to it.

The present volume has been called a "triptych"; it depicts, side by side, three generations of the lords of Linnières—grandfather, father and son. Ansiau, the tough old simpleton-crusader, is going blind, and rather than linger by the hearth, putting on flesh and wearying his son and heir, has decided to end his days on pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It is a long, long, painful journey, and for no reward: he dies a slave among the infidels, almost in view—if he could see it—of the Holy City. Meanwhile, "Le Gros" reigns in his stead. This huge bull-baron, trailing a herd of concubines and bastards, grasping his neighbours' goods, vainly lavish of his own, slyly religious without scruples, is an oppressor of the poor, an incubus to his own household—and underneath, simply a monstrous, aggrieved baby. While, as his lawful heir, he has a *preux chevalier* with a weak heart. Haugenier was brought up at a feudal Court, and has imbibed the culture of the age. Therefore he has to choose a mistress—literally a mistress; in courtly love, her "vassal's" rôle is to swear fealty, and to obey her blindly. The lady Marie, even more cultured than himself, exacts the rigour of the game—which on these terms can only be a prelude or transition to the love of God.

I must say that Haugenier is faintly tedious; setting aside the laboured unreality of his *amour courtois*, he has a streak of dullness in his bones. The best, as well as simplest character is the old man, groping his blind way to Jerusalem. And this section of the book has not only the most heart and nature, but the most striking episodes into the bargain. There is the wanderer's journey through Provence—right through the ghastly Albigensian crusade; there are the last scenes in the Holy Land. Though, indeed, everywhere the medieval tapestry or pageant is superb. For visual beauty and convincingness, there has been nothing like it; and it deploys all shades of medieval passion and belief.

Now we must ask: Does it come up to Sigrid Undset? The question is *de rigueur*; the answer remains optional, and I think not. There is less tapestry in the Norwegian epics; but they are unified by an intense and formidable personality. Also, they are much simpler. What we feel here is that the Middle Ages are "explored"—while the Norwegian writer seems to have been born in them.

OTHER FICTION.

Anything after that must appear slight. "The Following Wind," by N. Brysson Morrison (Hogarth Press; 12s. 6d.), is slight on its own merits, and elusive, too. It would be as easy to describe a breath of air. Which seems a pity, when its fugitive enchantment is the breath of life. And of the rarest part of life; the centre—if it has a centre—is a mystical experience. What John feels in Buchanan Street in Glasgow, pausing to light a cigarette, is a mere ghost of faith beside the solid, colourful religion of the vaster book; yet it is possibly the one thing needful. And the whole story is in tune with it. Though there is not much of a story: John Garnett is released from Ailsa, of "the Craigs below," encounters his true love, and, almost instantly, exhausts the "borrowed time" he knew nothing about. And even so, for me his true love was a void. But we have still the Garnett family, who are unusual, brilliant or unbearable, according to the point of view. Iris, the histrionic firefly, married a Pole and went to Canada—but not for ever. Then there are Bruce and Lennie, the two youngest: lively themselves, but still more taking in the family group. Indeed, the brothers' evening out, and pleasing hangover à deux, might be a lesson on the vanity of incident. The play of character is delicate and true, yet it is not the crux; one would get further with a mere account of the top floor—the gaunt rooms filled with light, the mammoth clouds blowing past, even John's vision of the windows opposite. This is the poetry of the unremarkable. And it is all unforced and simple, on the homely side.

"The Narrowing Stream," by John Mortimer (Collins; 10s. 6d.), with some resemblance in scale, is not at all homely; it has an ingrained wit, and a much firmer outline—but it is also much more of an artefact. Even the theme smacks of convention. Julia and Swinton have a big house by the Thames, three children, and, on the whole, a perfectly good life; but middle age looms up, and sets them craving for another chance. This time it is a one-day crisis. Julia spends most of it alone: at first in panic, because her little boy saw a man in the boathouse—because a strange girl has perhaps been murdered. And then the man knocks at her door. He is a queer, persistent young super-tramp—the dead girl's brother, and, as she feels, her own alternative. But what he leaves her is despair; Swinton's alternative was the dead girl.

Yet at the day's end all is calm. In short, it is a finished little drama; the river background, and the detached existence of the children, have uncommon style; and yet one feels this writer ought to be doing more.

In "Shark Among Herrings," by George Milner (Collins; 9s. 6d.), young Ronald Anglesea betakes himself to Deed House in the North of Scotland, the home of a retired Canadian tycoon, to investigate the theft of the Manders rubies—and finds the son and heir equally missing. Among the present inmates are the tycoon's young ex-socialite, failed-Channel-swimmer second wife, a loud, crude stockbroker, a dubious honeymoon couple, a questionable "ex-copywriter of genius," and (as the lowest depth) Smash Mainwaring, the stockbroker's revolting adolescent nephew. And presently murder takes place—during a swimming-party in the loch. A nice rich set-up, with great liveliness of manner.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE R.A.F. AT WAR, 1943-45.

READING Volume III., "The Fight is Won," of the history of the Royal Air Force in the last war, by Hilary St. G. Saunders (H.M. Stationery Office; 13s. 6d.), makes one realise once more what an immense loss to literature was occasioned by the author's death. The limpidity of his style, the mastery of the sweep of his subject, the occasional impishness of his humour, are positively Winstonian. In this volume, which was rounded-off by Mr. Denis Richards, who wrote the first volume of this splendid work, the story is taken from 1943, when the tide had finally turned, to the moment of overwhelming victory. It deals, of course, *inter alia*, with the combined bombing offensive, the R.A.F. by night and the Americans by day, which gradually wore down the German industrial war

the rear areas in France in a way which ensured that D-Day was not merely successful, but was the prelude to ultimate victory. I imagine that argument will rage for many a long year as to whether "Bomber" Harris was right in his systematic destruction of German cities. I, personally, take the view that the destruction of Dresden for the benefit of the Russians, when the war was all but over, was neither militarily nor politically justifiable. Such phrases, therefore—when writing of the destruction of Hamburg (a legitimate target)—as "with the possible exception of what was achieved [the italics are mine] in Dresden, the highest point of destruction reached in the campaign," leave a slightly unpleasant taste in the mouth. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the violence of the mass destruction wrought by Bomber Command—a destruction which, as the author says, "might have appalled Attila or Genghis Khan"—was an immense factor in ensuring victory. Indeed, it is clear from what he says that the jet ME 262, had it been produced in time, in sufficient quantity, and had its factories not been so severely bombed, might have reversed the question of air superiority in the last months of the war. Mr. Saunders says: "This aircraft was a menace, and could be satisfactorily dealt with only when it was on the ground or when taking off and landing." It is a fascinating story, as I say, beautifully told, and the final chapter, entitled "The Balance Sheet," is as masterly a summing-up of the story as I have ever read.

Naturally, no one could live so close to the subject without taking an immense pride in the Service about which he is writing. Nevertheless, one is never given the impression of those inter-Service rivalries which make such sorry reading to-day in, shall we say? the discussion of the escape of the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*. As Mr. Richards and Mr. Saunders point out, "Lancasters bent on raiding the Ruhr depended on oil-tankers reaching Liverpool; and, less immediately but just as surely, oil-tankers bent on reaching Liverpool depended on Lancasters raiding the Ruhr. In modern warfare such relationships are intricate, subtle and ubiquitous." It is a noble book, nobly written.

My distinguished colleague, Mr. Alan Dent, is the author of "My Dear America" (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Dent will be well known to readers of *The Illustrated London News* for his film criticisms, and to the general public as a broadcaster. This, however, is his first book which is not a reprint of his newspaper articles and sketches. It is a description, in the form of a diary, of a visit he made to the United States as the guest of the American Government very recently. He travelled both widely and wisely in the States (and also Canada), with the result that, as he says, "A guy who has been happily married for twenty-seven years or so—as I have been married to London—is naturally more than somewhat shaken when he suddenly discovers he is capable of a wild affair with a completely different city. Especially when the new charmer is a great big beautiful, glowing, inexhaustible, warmly welcoming and overwhelmingly kindly doll like New York." I must confess that those were precisely my feelings after my first visit to the United States. It is the kindness and the zest of our American friends which make them and their country so stimulating, attractive and heart-warming. Mr. Dent, naturally, is largely interested in the American theatre, but his observant eye is always cocked for the unusual, the humorous or the touching. I was sorry to read his reference to his lack of faith occasioned by the suffering of one who must have been a very charming sister indeed. But, for his comfort, I hope he will one day come to realise that the problem of human suffering in this world is not quite so simple as he makes it sound. A charming book, which will, I hope, give as much pleasure to his American hosts, who so richly deserve the kind things he says about them, as it has given me to read it.

One of the great benefactors of the modern age—almost in the Nuffield class—was the late Lord Southwood, the chairman of Odhams, whose monument is piously erected by Mr. R. J. Minney, in "Viscount Southwood" (Odhams; 25s.). At the end of his life, well could he say "*si monumentum requiris . . .*"—the only problem was that there were so many different monuments. I am not referring to the great Odhams Press, which was so largely his creation, but to the many reminders of his generosity which Londoners can see for themselves any day they wish. There is, for example, the garden of St. James's, Piccadilly. There are homes of rest for the aged in Bethnal Green, and the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormonde Street, of which he was chairman, and which owes so much to his benefactions. Lord Southwood started life with nothing to aid him except his determination and his brains. The jeweller's errand-boy rose to power and fortune by certain innate qualities which are admirably brought out by Mr. Minney. A most interesting book.

"Brassey's Annual," edited by Rear-Admiral H. G. Thursfield (Clowes: 3 gns.), is an annual institution. The 1954 edition of this invaluable year book dealing with every aspect of the Armed Forces is now in the sixty-fifth year of its publication. This is an extremely useful work of reference, made more than usually interesting in the current issue by a fascinating chapter on the lessons of the Korean War.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

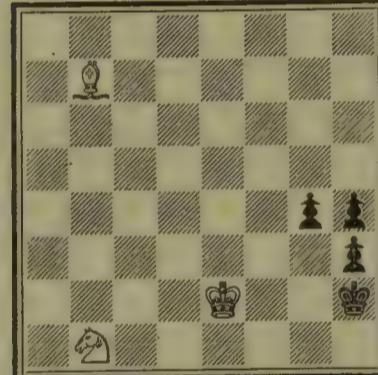
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT is pleasant to see a new book (by Harold Golombek) devoted to Richard Reti, the wayward genius who gave us "Reti's Opening."

An artist and Bohemian to his fingertips, Reti's personality left an impress on chess out of all proportion to the cold mathematics of his results. Even though he defeated Capablanca at New York at a time when the great Cuban's defeats in a decade could be counted on the fingers of one hand, his scores were patchy. How could they be otherwise, when he would never dream of putting the end before the means? He is said to have lost one important tournament game on time because, wandering away from the board whilst awaiting his opponent's move, he sat down, took out his pocket set and became lost in the beauty of a rather artificial turn the game *might* have taken a few moves before—a complete abstraction. Tartakover relates of him: "He forgot everything, stick, hat, umbrella; above all, he would always leave behind him his traditional yellow leather brief-case, so that it was said of him: 'wherever Reti's brief-case is, there he himself is no longer to be found.'"

I gave in these notes, just over a year ago, a composed ending by Reti, in which the play, conjured up from *one pawn only* on each side, was of such rare attraction that whenever I have expounded it I have revelled in the beholder's expression of dawning delight. Here is another whose beauty is buried in somewhat more complexity:

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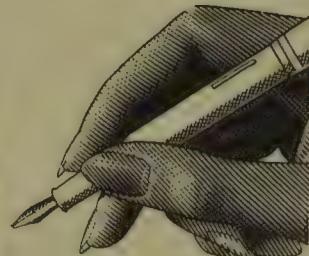
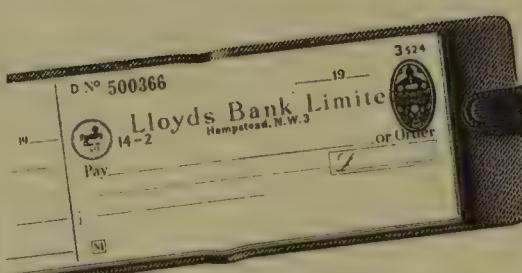
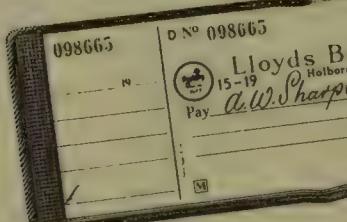
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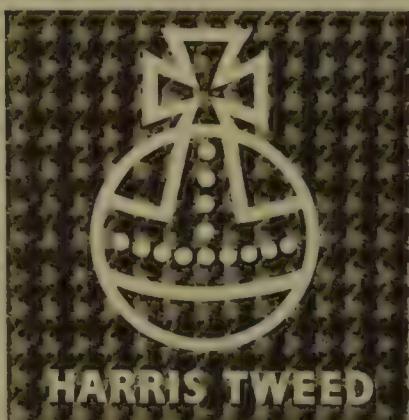


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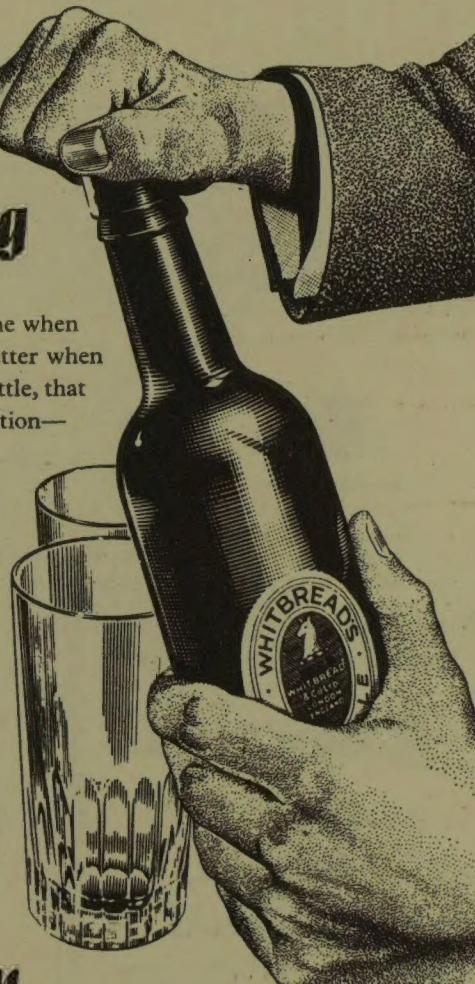
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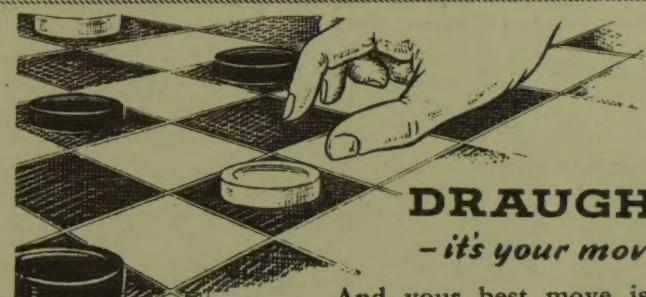
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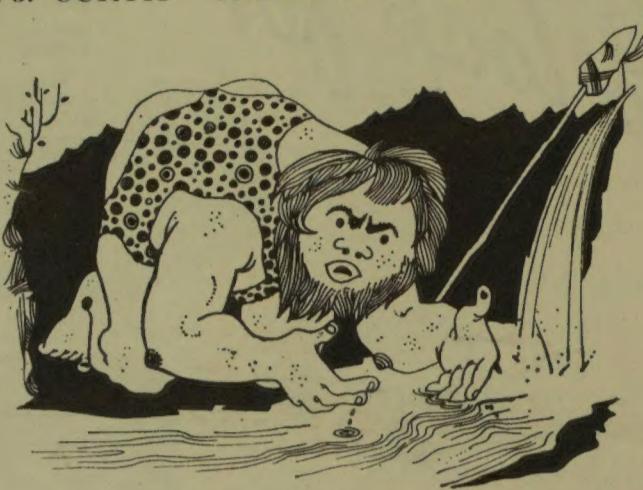
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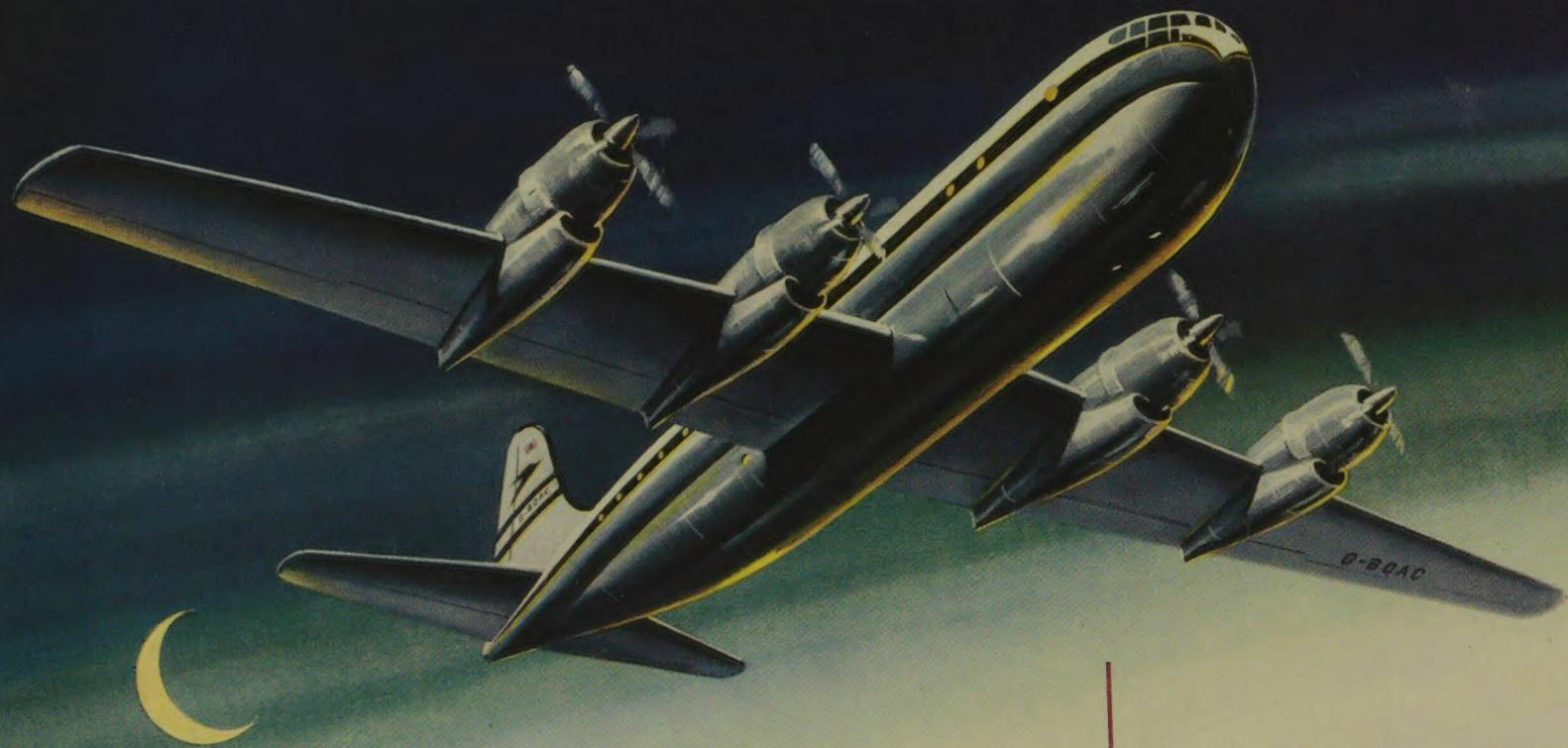
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